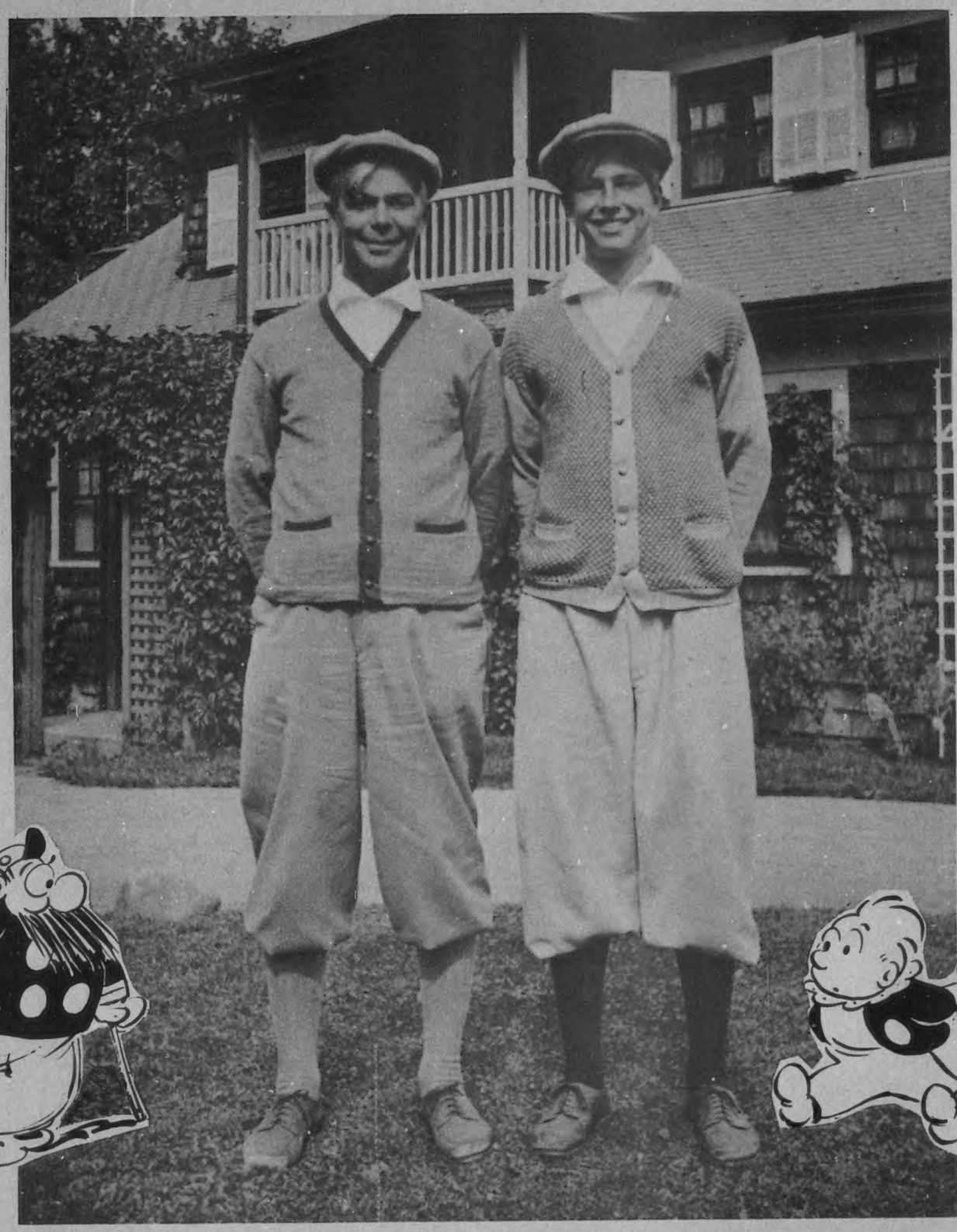
CARTOONIST PROfiles



RUDOLPH DIRKS and JOHN DIRKS — 1940.
Read 'Rudy, The Captain, and Me' by John Dirks in this issue.

Issue No. 18-- JUNE 1973 **$ 2.50**

The National Cartoonists

Society Album

Revised Edition—1972

Compiled by Mort Walker

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CARTOONIST PROfiles

Editor: JUD HURD

Photos by Jim Ruth

Vol. 1 — No. 18

June 1973

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Do you have a cartoon book titled "Willie, & His Papa, and the Rest of the Family", drawn by F. Opper about President McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, and Mark Hanna — published around 1901 by Grosset & Dunlap. If so, please write Walter Penn Shipley, Jr., 8105 Ardmore Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. 19118.

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I note in Issue #17 repros of Alex Raymond illustrations that are most interesting. I have a very fine one by Raymond done in wash in two colors, size 13" x 20", showing a woman seated and man standing alongside, dated 1936. Would like to know what publication used this nice illustration. Would appreciate any info that can be provided. Murray Harris, 4953 Cartwright Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601.

Ecologically-protected Woodland Artist Community" outside Chapel Hill (UNC) N.C. 5 acres and up. Write: Sandy Huffaker, 2213 St. Mary's St., Raleigh, N.C. 27608.

Would appreciate information about Orville (?) Williams, who drew an original cartoon I've acquired. It was done in the early 1900's. The subject is the location of the Panama Canal, and the cartoon is in the 'Zim' style, measuring 26¾" by 21½". Paul G. Donelan, 10 Clyfton Street, Plymouth, Mass. 02360.

WANTED: Originals by Thomas Nast, A. B. Frost, Winsor McCay, Chester Gould, Walt Kelly, Outcault, & Alex Raymond. Will purchase or trade others. A. PASKOW, 1662 Cropsey Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11214.

RUDY, the CA

— R. DIRKS —

We're delighted to publish here the first of two conversations with cartoonist JOHN DIRKS who writes and draws the famed Sunday page, 'The Captain and the Kids', in carrying on the exploits of Hans and Fritz, Mama, the Captain, and the Inspector, who were created way back in 1897 by his father, the late RUDOLPH DIRKS, one of the giants of our profession, and a founding father of the comic strip as we know it.

In this first installment we're publishing John's comments about his own career, and in the second one we'll record his thoughts about his father's. By way of explanation, we want to say that throughout this talk, the warm and affectionate regard and memory which the son has for his father, came through constantly. But we've more or less isolated the remarks John made about his own career in this first article, and kept those about Rudolph for a second one, in the interest of a more cohesive account.

It's interesting to note that only part of Rudolph Dirks' artistic efforts were applied to the production of the Sunday page — the rest were put on his painting, and that the same is true of his son. John spends about half his time on 'The Captain and the Kids' and the rest on the fountain sculpture he tells about in this first installment. John and his wife, Mary, live up the Hudson in Ossining, New York. She has been much involved in theater ever since she majored in Romance Languages at Radcliffe and spent most of her time there in the theater group. At the present time Mary teaches an acting workshop in the State University of New York at Purchase. Both she and John did a good deal of Little Theater for about 10 years, and she describes him as 'a superb actor' with his playing of Stanley Kowalski in Tennessee Williams' "Streetcar Named Desire" being a high point of his career. John's mother, Mrs. Rudolph Dirks, lives in New York City. Rudolph himself died on April 20th, 1968.

Rudolph Dirks, John Dirks — 1950

HURD: With over 75 years having gone by since your father first started to draw Hans and Fritz, Mama, the Captain, and the Inspector, they've certainly been the world's most durable comic characters. I know that readers would like to know how long you've *been drawing 'The Captain and the Kids', John.*

DIRKS: I've done the page completely for about the past 17 years, although for maybe the first 5 years of that period Rudy would make suggestions. He always wanted to help but of course he was tired by that time. Once I got into the swing of doing the feature my own way, it was really easier than working with my dad because his gags were

CAPTAIN, & ME

J. Dirks

The CAPTAIN and the KIDS
"HIGH DIVE.."
by R. DIRKS
9-3
OR..
"LITTLE HELPERS"
YI!
SPLAMM!
YOU KNOW, DOLLINK, I DON'T TINK DER OLD BOY APPRECIATES DER BOOST YOU GAFE HIM!
OH, VELL, DOT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU!
R. DIRKS 9-3
Tm. Reg. U. S. Pat Off.—All rights reserved
Copr. 1961 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

1961 Page by John Dirks.

'The Captain and The Kids' is distributed by the United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

different. I suppose since 1940 or 1945, 'The Captain' hadn't been a money-maker but United Features kept it for prestige. When Rudy died, the then-president, Larry Rutman, called me and said that the syndicate would carry it for a year for old times sake. Well, now it's 5 years since then, and in the past 2 years — what with nostalgia being so big — it seems to be generating a lot more interest than it did. And, as far as I can see, as long as I want to *do* it, I guess they'll just carry it on.

HURD: Was the job of taking over 'The Captain' a back-breaker?

DIRKS: Thanks for feeding me that straight-line! I'll say! I had a back operation after about 5 years of taking over my father's work — two slipped discs that developed because I was working so hard the wrong way to do the stuff right. You see I had been doing the page on a big sheet of paper, working it over and over, then tracing it onto Strathmore, and then *repenciling* it! I was going at it headon, trying to do the page just as Rudy would do

The CAPTAIN and the KIDS

8-14

by R. DIRKS

HAW!

RAIN-MAKING $5.00 UP

R-R-UMBLE"

BOOM

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RAIN-
AKING
5 00
UP

RAIN-
MAKING
$5 00
UP

SAY,
VHY- ?
SKIP IT!
TR DIRKS 8-14

it — I was too tense, advancing just like a tank, and I was under so much strain, and pressure that I just ruined my back. Nowadays I'm doing my own work, within a certain framework — at that time I was hopefully trying to please my dad, please the editor, and please myself, and you can't do this!

Nowadays I always work out the gag on an 8 1/2 x 11 sheet and then tackle the page directly on the Strathmore — it's much looser as a result.

HURD: How have you changed 'The Captain and the Kids' in recent years?

DIRKS: To begin with it's not that I didn't like glue and thumbtacks, but when I looked back, I saw that my dad had done it all. Even *he* went in to Hearst about 5 years after he started the feature, complained that he was sick of the firecrackers, the glue, the tacks, the ink, the saws, etc., and that he had used everything! Naturally, Hearst told him he couldn't do that, so my father started digging again.

To answer your question, when you work at something long enough, inevitably you'll use the things you're basically interested in. For one thing, as a kid I always was a nut on science-fiction, so I've done various continuities on this subject — one for instance, about little 'Alpha Beta' who came from Venus where monkeys send *people* into space, rather than vice-versa as we earthlings do. I got the idea from 'Able and Baker', the two monkeys that the U. S. rocketed up some years ago. Alpha Beta is a Venusian astronaut, and, according to my continuity, his planet is run by monkeys who have shot him toward Mars. However, he misses the red planet and lands on earth where his adventures begin. I bring in a lot of social satire while showing the conflict between the Venusians' concept of Earth, Mars, Society, etc. And I did a satire on Madison Avenue when the Venusian monkeys came to check Earth, and reacted to our TV ads — Wishy-Washy Soap, Dubbly-Bubbly etc. These ads drive them mad, and the last thing they see on their way home is an Earth rocket being launched with tremendous 'Wishy-Washy Soap' advertising on its side!

Continuities are a periodic thing in 'Captain' nowadays. Maybe I'll do gags for 4, 5, or 6 months, and then suddenly get a glimmer of an idea that starts me launching a story. It's been cooking inside me all the time, and usually if it's good, it takes over more and more space. I did another long continuity on the

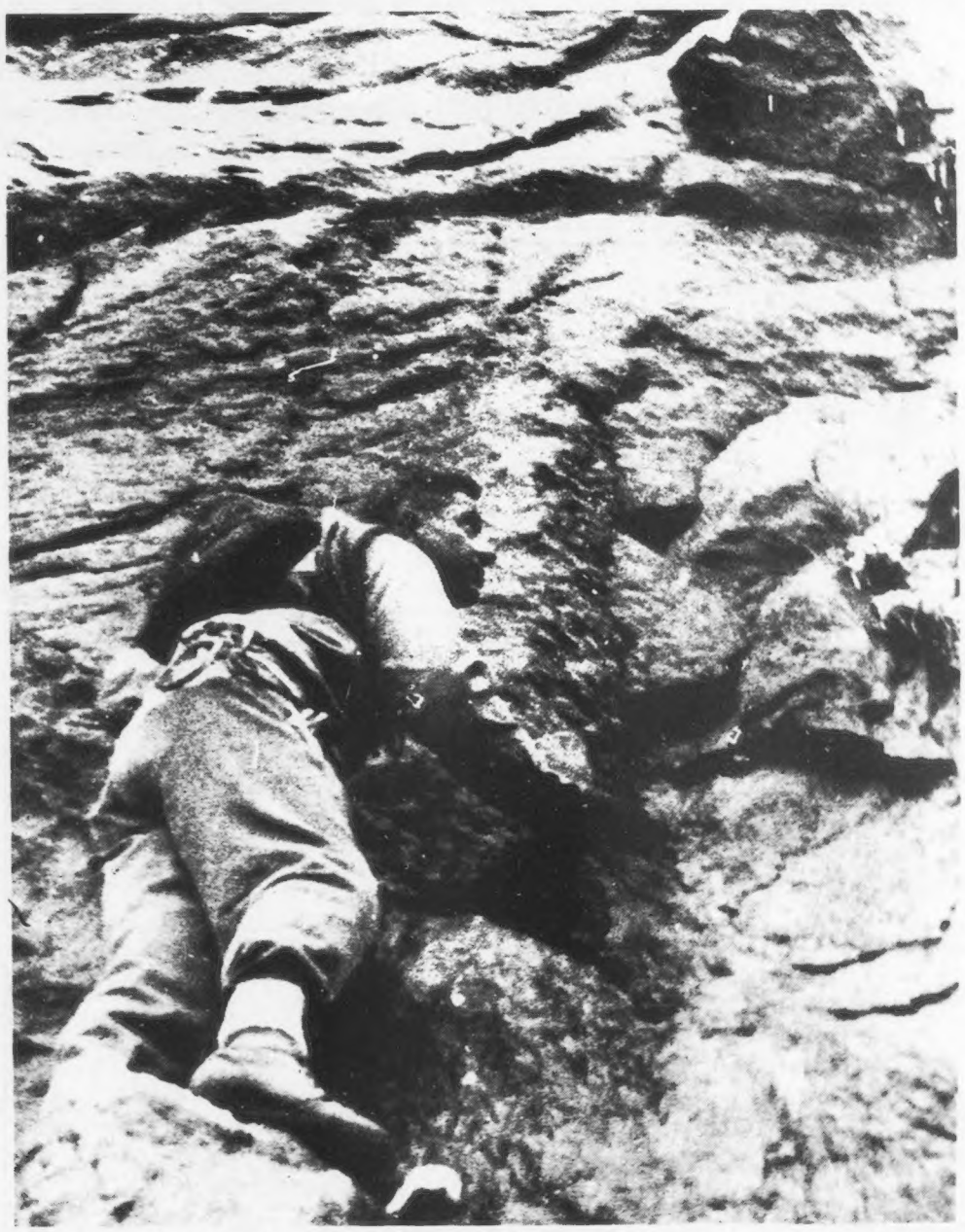
ALPHA BETA OF VENUS

The CAPTAIN and the KIDS
VOT DER-?
DID YOU HEAR, CAPTAIN? HE SPOKE! THE EMPEROR SPOKE!
YEP! I GIVE UP! UNTIE ME, GENTLEMEN!
NO MORE SKIPPING OFF IN DER CHUNGLE, REMEMBER!
THAT'S A PROMISE! I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!
YOU MEAN YOU BEEN FAKING ALL DISS TIME?
BUT WHY, YOUR HIGHNESS?
ONCE I'D TASTED THE FREEDOM OF A MONKEY'S LIFE HERE ON EARTH...
...I HATED THE IDEA OF GOING BACK TO VENUS AND BEING EMPEROR AGAIN! ALL THE ROUTINE, THE RESPONSIBILITY!
BUT, SIR! IT'S YOUR DUTY! YOUR DESTINY! ... AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE'S THE EMPRESS...
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT REALLY DID IT! IF SHE EVER FOUND OUT I WAS ENJOYING MYSELF.... BLOOEY!
TO THE SHIPS!
SO LONG, ALPHIE!
MY BEST TO THE BOYS, CAPTAIN!
EMPEROR OF VENUS! UND ALL HE VANTED VOS TO SVING IN DER TREES UND EAT BANANAS...
VELL, I GUESS EFFERYBODY GOT PROBLEMS...
Tm. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved ©1966 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
DIRKS 8-7

1966 Page by John Dirks

flat men of Mota (atom spelled backwards) which was a fifth dimension sort of thing. The character Benjamin B. Gunn (BB Gunn) was the inventor of the Crypto-Cube — you get into it, wait a certain amount of time, and when you open it up, you're in another dimension.

SCIENCE-FANTASY
B.B. GUNN AND THE
FLATMEN OF MOTA



John Dirks climbing on Breakneck Ridge near Beacon, New York–1961.

HURD: Were you always interested in cartooning, John?

DIRKS: Always. I think one of the writers on comics wrote that I *wasn't* while I was in college, but I imagine he was quoting my father who never wanted to put any pressure on his kids to get into cartooning.

HURD: What about your early days?

DIRKS: Well for the record I was born in 1917, attended the New York City Public Schools and the Horace Mann School. Summers we spent at Ogunquit, Maine, where everything happened, and I really consider that my home. Rudy had a studio down on 14th Street in New York, so when I was really tiny I never saw much of his work, but finally he gave up the studio, worked at home and then I saw more of it, although I guess I didn't watch that much, growing up so close to it all.

I majored in English and in Art at Yale, drew for the Yale News and the comic magazine, The Yale Record, did yearbook cartoons, and graduated in 1939. After I finished college, I started freelancing, sold my first cartoons to The Post and to Colliers, and fed gags to my father. I found freelancing tough, what with 45 batches out in the mail and most of the time being spent licking stamps. Took some night courses at the Art Students League in New York, a summer course up in Ogunquit, and another one in Boston. Rudy always said, "Keep your pencil sharp!" I spent 4 years in England, France, and Germany, during World War II and wound up as a Captain. Incidentally, I kept a journal during the war and did a page of scribble sketches every day in it. I guess I've got about 6 volumes of this stuff. They were short of artists when I got back from service in 1945, and right away there were some requests to illustrate a couple of books. At this point my father started to do some 'Captain and the Kids' comic books for United Features — redoing some of the old stuff — and he turned this over to me.

HURD: Was your father very critical of your work?

DIRKS: No — it was very hard for Rudy to criticize. When I started to work on the page, I'd urge him to, but he'd always counter with something like, "Well, if you want me to say *something* — Hans looks a little bald — maybe you could give him a little more hair." If he saw something that was my own — something a little juicy — he was quick to say, "Hey, that's good!" "Keep your pencil sharp —

1966 Page by John Dirks

1961 Page by John Dirks.

keep drawing" were favorite comments of his.

HURD: I've noticed in recent years that 'The Captain and the Kids' pages frequently feature gags and continuities that are heavily involved with the sea, with nature, with plants, and all kinds of birds and animals.

DIRKS: Yes — as I mentioned to begin with, you use the things you're basically interested in. I spoke about having been a science-fiction nut, and I have to add that I spent all my time during the summers at Ogunquit in tide pools, and on the Maine rocks, and observing nature. This was my great interest. One instance where this interest resulted in a continuity was during the pages I did featuring a little character — Robin St. Rousseau. He's seen on an island where life has been wiped out by an atomic blast, and various creatures come back out of the ocean, strangely changed. He loves the green blobs and the horrible jellyfish — he's something of a philosopher — and he thinks that this island is a paradise compared to the rest of the world with its pollution!

The syndicate may tell me, "get back to the glue and the tacks" but in the meantime I'm having a lot of fun putting various characters that express thoughts and interests of mine through their paces. You build up a background of them and they'll come back again — your subconscious works on them and pretty soon you see another plot coming. I've just brought back Ali Kazam, who's an oriental with a flying carpet — I'm high on him, and when you feel that way about a character, the gags just flow out. This fakir has lost his rug — it's burned up — he can't sleep, and somebody suggests a water mattress. He tries it, inflates it, puts it on his bed which of course consists of spikes — hence disaster!

MAGIC
ALI KAZAM

Then there's the little character, Phineas Phlubb, a tiny W.C. Fields, who's a fall guy, slightly crooked, and slightly inventive.

PHILOSOPHY
ROBIN ST. ROUSSEAU

INVENTION, ETC.
PHINEAS PHLUBB

A sequence featuring the Kohlrabi diamond — a pseudo-science story —gave me a great chance to work with the science and the natural history I'm nuts about. I wanted a volcano eruption, and upon looking the subject up, discovered that as the ash goes up, it usually precipitates drenching rains. As some characters are fleeing with the diamond, they're getting soaking wet. Gradually the Kohlrabi loses shape and it turns out that it's soluble in water, and they've got a piece of slippery taffy. Some of the liquid has flipped into a character's shoes — he's got powdered stuff, and all he needs to do is add water and he's got a diamond!

Three years ago I did a peace child — Hyacinth — who shows up on this island and eventually turns out to be allergic to flowers. He's full of very good ideas but doesn't want to work, he was a good vehicle for social satire, and this was one of my favorite continuities.

My dad, of course, did fundamental satire — youth versus age, man vs. woman, etc., but since he didn't do contemporary things, his stuff is ageless.

SOCIOLOGY
HYACINTH AND
MR. BOOHOO

HURD: Didn't you create a character on another occasion who was an ex-con?

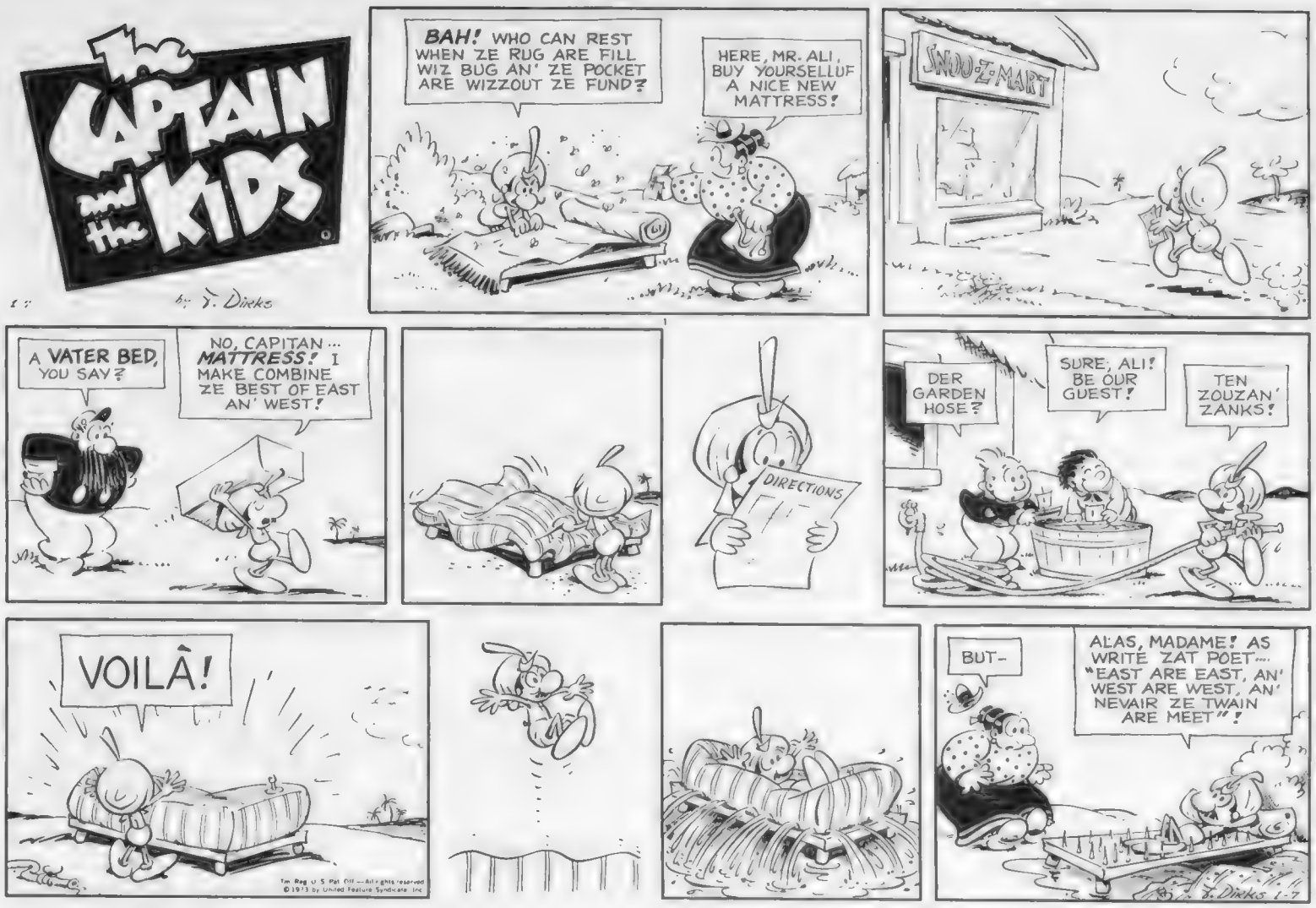
DIRKS: Yes, that was Mr. Boohoo. For almost a year, my wife, Mary, and I had an ex-convict living with us here in Ossining, and

Some of the characters John has created for 'The Captain and the Kids'

The CAPTAIN and the KIDS
ALAS! ZE MAGIC FLY-CARPET ARE SEE ZE BETTAIR DAY... SNIFF!
CHEER UP, ALI! MIGHTBE VE COULD DIG UP SOMET'ING AT DER HOUSE!
SURE, WHY NOT?
by T. Dirks
NOO... VOT ISS?
NUT'N!
FORGET IT, MAMA!
LOOK, ALI! FUM DER ATTIC DOWN! YOU T'INK YOU COULD MAKE IT FLY?
GIFF A TRY!
MAGNIFIQUE! NOW I MUS' BE ALONE TO PUT ZE MAGIC IN!
GIDDYAP!
WHOA!
OOOF!
SNAP
PLANK
?
VELL, VELL! IF IT AIN'T MY OLD HORSE BLANKET FUM DER BYGONE RODEO DAYS....

1972 Page by John Dirks.

1973 Page by John Dirks


The CAPTAIN and the KIDS
by J. Dirks
BAH! WHO CAN REST WHEN ZE RUG ARE FILL WIZ BUG AN' ZE POCKET ARE WIZZOUT ZE FUND?
HERE, MR. ALI, BUY YOURSELLUF A NICE NEW MATTRESS!
SNOO-Z-MART
A VATER BED, YOU SAY?
NO, CAPITAN... MATTRESS! I MAKE COMBINE ZE BEST OF EAST AN' WEST!
DIRECTIONS
DER GARDEN HOSE?
SURE, ALI! BE OUR GUEST!
TEN ZOUZAN' ZANKS!
VOILÀ!
Tm Reg U S Pat Off —All rights reserved
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BUT-
ALAS, MADAME! AS WRITE ZAT POET... "EAST ARE EAST, AN' WEST ARE WEST, AN' NEVAIR ZE TWAIN ARE MEET"!
J. Dirks 1-7

The CAPTAIN and the KIDS
by J. Dirks
6-18
I DON'T WANT YER MONEY, MISTER! I JUST CAN'T RESIST TAKIN' IT, IS ALL!
SNIFF
UND DID YOU HAFF TO KLOPP ME ON DER KNOBBER?
IT'S WHAT DEY CALLS A BEHAVIOR PATTERN...
BLUBB
VELL, I SUPPOSE EFFERYBODY GOT TO HAFF A HOBBY...
I'M SORRY I ROBBED YA, PAL! IT'S JUST ME INFERIORITY COMPLEX...
SNIFF
DRY DER TEARS, MR. BOO HOO, UND I GIFF YOU A LIFT OFF DISS DESERT ISLAND!
A NICE, SOFT BED UND SOME OF MAMA'S HOME COOKING, UND DER VORLD GETS A MORE ROSY LOOK!
CHEE! I DON'T DESOIVE NO BREAK LIKE DAT!
UND VEN DER EGO ISS FAT, VE FIND YOU A NICE, STEADY CHOB...
JOB?
PHUTT PFUTT
DAT'S ANUDDER ONE OF ME HANG-UPS, FRIEND!
R-R-R-
R-R-
R-
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OOPS!
VROOOM!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? NOW WE'RE BOTH STUCK! OH, WOE IS ME! I'M JUST NO GOOD! BOO-HOO!
AW, QUIT BLUBBERING, FOR PETE'S SAKE!
J. Dirks 6-18
CONTINUED

1972 Page by John Dirks.

he and I did a lot of talking over games of chess, etc. He's a good painter, writer, and a bright guy. I patterned Mr. Boohoo after this friend and he was a good one to carom some of the other cartooon characters against, but the syndicate wanted me to get off the ex-con line, so I let him go.

HURD: I know you do the 'Captain and the Kids' page here in your house and your fountain work in the shop out back. Could we hear about the fountain?

DIRKS: When I'm in here, supposed to be working on the page, the only way to get warmed up is to work out another idea for a fountain sculpture. This has certainly helped my cartooning — given me a chance to ease up. As your readers will notice from the fountain photos you include with our talk, they're direct metal and they all involve water. I like to do anything with water running over it — must be a throwback to the days on the Maine rocks. I work mostly in copper and brass because if it's going to handle water, it's got to be nonferrous.

Twelve or fifteen years ago I happened to see a piece of sculpture — 'The Automation Plant' by George Curtis who lives up in Owl's Head, Maine — and I flipped over it — went straight up in the air like a crazy man! He was a welder but his art came out, and he did this one piece which involved water — it was a 9-foot-high (tree) and the water went from leaf to leaf. I had designed some jewelry for a friend prior to this so I knew a *little* about metal working and silver soldering. But my first attempt to do something in this line on my own ended up with burnt hands. Six months later I built an 8-foot fountain and then figured, "well, that's that!" But some friends asked if I could make a fountain for them, and one thing led to another. A friend of these friends, who worked for a Madison Avenue gallery, asked,

John Dirks at sculpture — 1962.

"Who's got this guy?" Etc. It's been essentially a hobby but I've sold about 120 of them by this time.

HURD: What's your general routine, from the time you decide to do a fountain until it's completed?

DIRKS: Well, for instance on a commission for a memorial fountain in West Virginia, I first submitted several sketches of ideas I had to the committee in charge of the project. They said, "No" but suggested something Biblical so I looked up a couple of ideas and finally did 4 additional sketches — the last one of which was very loose and my favorite. There's a phrase in the Bible which goes something like, "the man who stays with God shall be like a tree planted by streams of water —

FOUNTAINS IN METAL

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Abstract 15′

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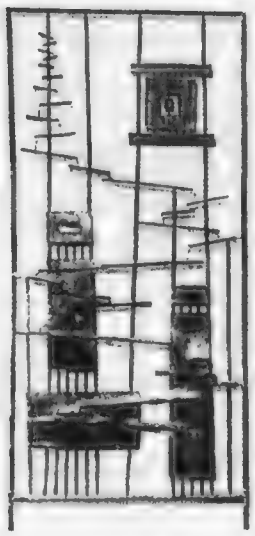
living room, patio,
garden, pool . . .

FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS:
court, entrance,
lobby, lounge . . .



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Organic 7′

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To match decor.

■ EACH FOUNTAIN INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED AND HAND WROUGHT

Five to twenty feet high.

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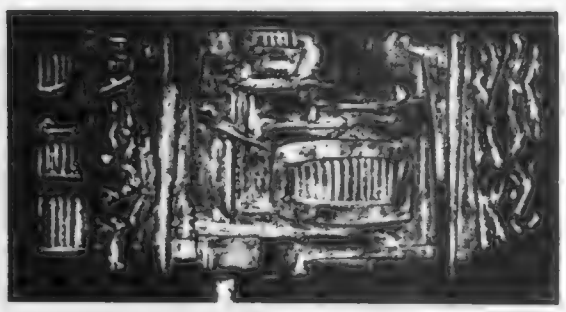
From a brochure explaining John's fountain sculpture.

'Cocktail Party' (copper, 5½' high) Stuart, Florida

"Moonwatcher"



Abstract wall fountain

1961 Page by John Dirks.

1961 Page by John Dirks.

Mrs. Rudolph Dirks standing by son John's water sculpture at the 1970 'Cartoonists in Art' Exhibition held at Lever House in New York City.

neither shall his leaf wither." With this in mind I built a 7-foot fountain — a great thrust of rock with water running down it, and with a tree whose roots were around the rock. I do all of these small in clay to begin with because my work tended to be 2-dimensional to begin with.

Then I start with sheet metal, tubing rods, etc., cutting and braising as I go along. I love the discipline of water — you can't fake it, because a lot of these things are indoors and you can't let them make puddles! I guess maybe I'm 70% mechanic and 30% sculptor. Incidentally, one of mine — The Cocktail Party — is a combination of a cartoon and a fountain. ●

Mobile 8′

NORRIS

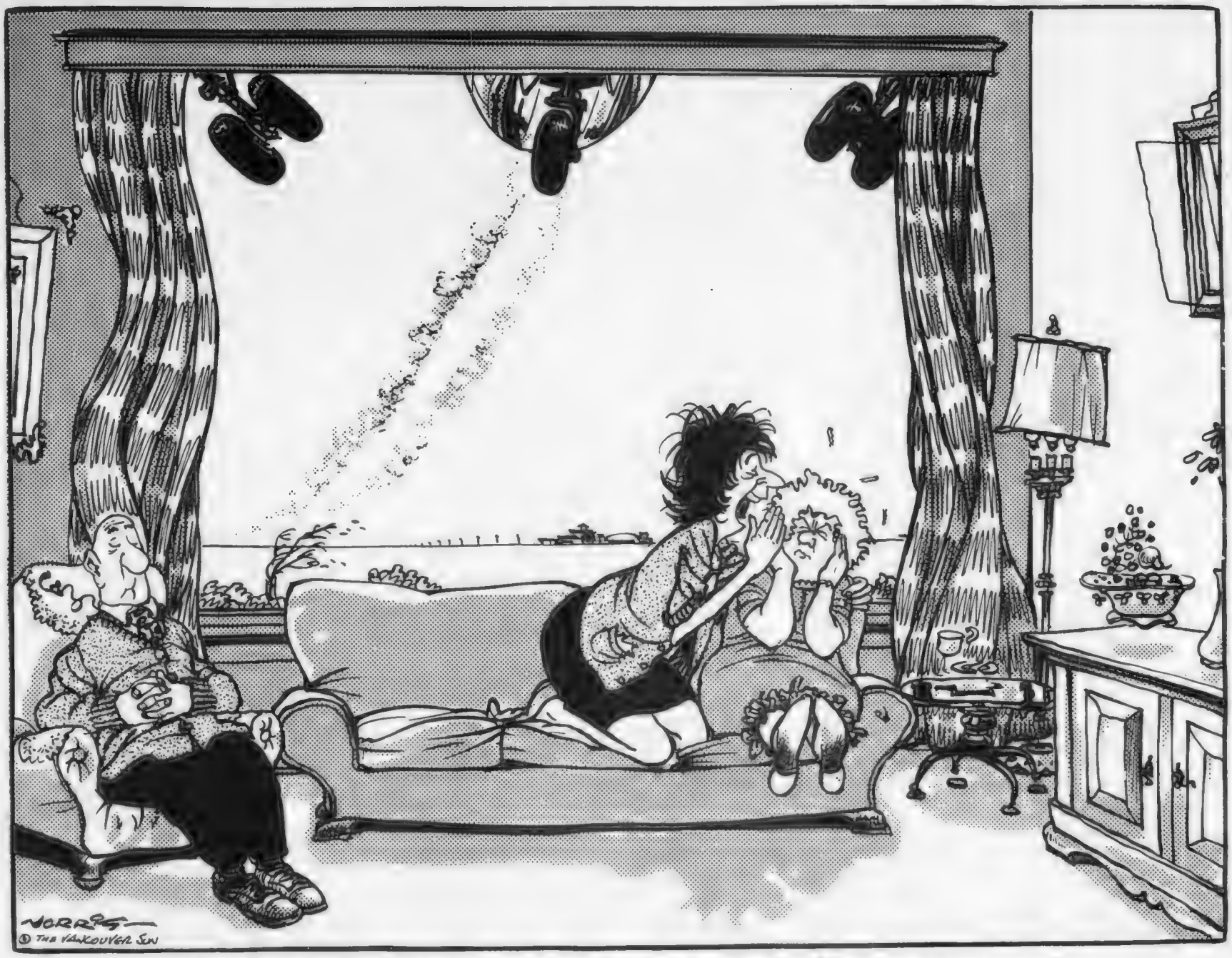
LEN NORRIS

Almost from the time we began CARTOONIST PROfiles, readers have been asking for a story about famed VANCOUVER SUN Editorial Cartoonist, LEN NORRIS, who has been described by Walt (Pogo) Kelly as 'the greatest in the business.' Although Norris once took some evening art school courses which he says did him no visible good, back in depression days, he claims that his real training was the result of sheer gall.

It seems he was on the switchboard at a Toronto coal company, and in between receiving orders and complaints, was constantly doodling. At this point a coal company advertising man, Frank Dowsett, who was to be a major influence in heading Norris into a cartoon career, became interested in these doodles and got Len to do a number of drawings for coal company advertising folders. Dowsett gave him additional freelance work to do at home and introduced Norris to people at the Toronto Star where he did pasteups, retouching photos, etc. Next, the ad man suggested to an advertising agency that Norris should be their art director and production manager, and Len stepped into this job without knowing the difference between a line cut and a halftone, or what benday was. However, various engraving house salesmen helped him over the hump, and Norris says that the very fact that he was pretty ignorant enabled him to do some unusual things that a more experienced person wouldn't have attempted.

When World War II came along, he went into the army with the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, having raced motorcycles 'in my wild and stupid youth'. However, he soon got involved with illustrations for the officers' paper, and eventually wound up in Ottawa as the editor of an army preventive maintenance magazine which was sent to every unit that had motorcycles, jeeps, tanks, etc. Out of several job offers, after the war, Norris decided to take one with the Maclean-Hunter chain of magazines, where he was in charge of artwork for automotive trade papers, and later did much illustrating for Canadian Homes and Gardens, Mayfair magazine, and others.

Then it happened that a former Vancouver Sun feature writer, Pierre Berton, who had moved to Toronto as Managing Editor of 'Maclean's', the flagship of the Maclean-Hunter group of magazines, thought he saw in Norris an undernourished genius. So he wrote to



"I said . . . we were one of the lucky ones . . . not expropriated for airport expansion."

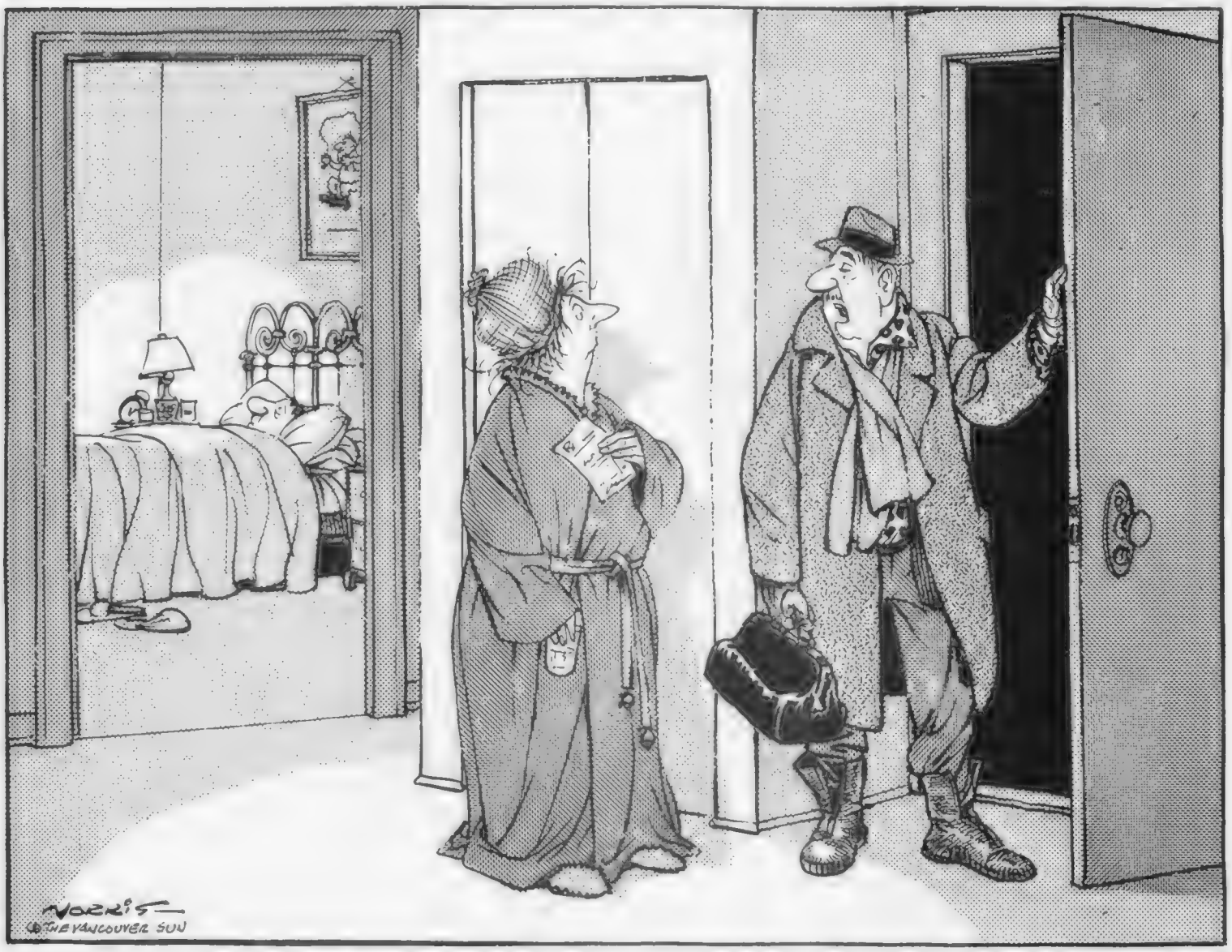
Don Cromie, then publisher of the Vancouver Sun, recommending Norris. The publisher made an offer, but it was a year later before Norris and his wife and family moved to the West Coast to begin life as a SUN editorial cartoonist. That was more than 20 years ago. Over the years Len Norris has accumulated various honors such as the 'National Newspaper Award' for best cartoonist in Canada (roughly equivalent to the U.S. Pulitzer Prize), and a number of awards in connection with his magazine art-directing work. He has just finished illustrating a very successful book written by a Vancouver Sun writer, titled "Johann's Gift to Christmas". It's the story of how 'Silent Night' came to be written, the setting is the Alps, and Norris' illustrations are watercolors. The book is up for a couple of awards, and actor Eddie Albert narrated it with the Vancouver Symphony. A complete symphonic score was written around the book, incidentally.

And, as of the time of this conversation, the indications were that Norris was going to receive a Doctorate at the University of Windsor —probably in Fine Arts.

Q: You've said that you suddenly found yourself the cartoonist on the Sun, and didn't really have a clue as to what you were going to do.

NORRIS: Yes—I'd been an art director with Maclean-Hunter in the east, and had done a good deal of illustration for various publications, but I knew nothing whatever about editorial cartooning, or about politics for that matter. I started doing cartoons in the traditional way as it was in Canada at that time—the use of symbolism in the classical editorial cartoon, such as the Sun had been acquiring from various free lancers. I was a dismal failure with this style, and apparently had no talent whatever for producing a symbolic cartoon, so things got a little desperate for a while, and I finally reverted to type. I suppose I was fundamentally an illustrator, and had sort of an English lean in my feeling for the cartoon, and my style seemed to evolve around what I could recall of the English cartoonists who were doing the social comment type of thing, rather than what I had envisioned as an editorial sermon.

My cartoons have been pretty much social comments and illustrations of a cutline as a rule. And gradually, over a period of years, various characters began to establish themselves, not by any particular plan on my part. But a situation would keep occurring where the scene and the setting, and the particular characters that I'd used before, seemed appropriate. They started to repeat and they got to be recognized and known by the reading public. There was Henry, the lazy character, who took very little interest in anything, and who was useful for situations where I needed to use the old apathy theme. Then, Rodney, the local British type, of which we have a fair supply out here, and which I guess I'm a slight throwback to, could take issue with any socialistic plans by the govern-



(January 6, 1972)

"The prescription should only cost you about three dollars . . . but on the 2 a.m. house call we're shooting for parity with the plumbers."

ment. And the old lady with the hatpin, who is the belligerent local taxpayer type, began to appear. She questions every plebiscite, every tax, etc.

By the same token, I found myself repeating the same stage settings for these characters — the old village tea shop in Victoria, where the old ladies sat around having their teacups read, and where they brought up all kinds of things like sex being taught in the schools, and where they talked about other affairs which were very shocking to them. The Empress Hotel, of course, is a real place, and in the early days was very much like I show it now, with the potted palms and a string quartet, and the dear old souls (the residents) who came down out of the upper towers and had tea in the lobby every day. They were marvelous foils for anything that had to do with the bilingualism of our country and for anything that had to do with Trudeau going over to talk with the Commonwealth.

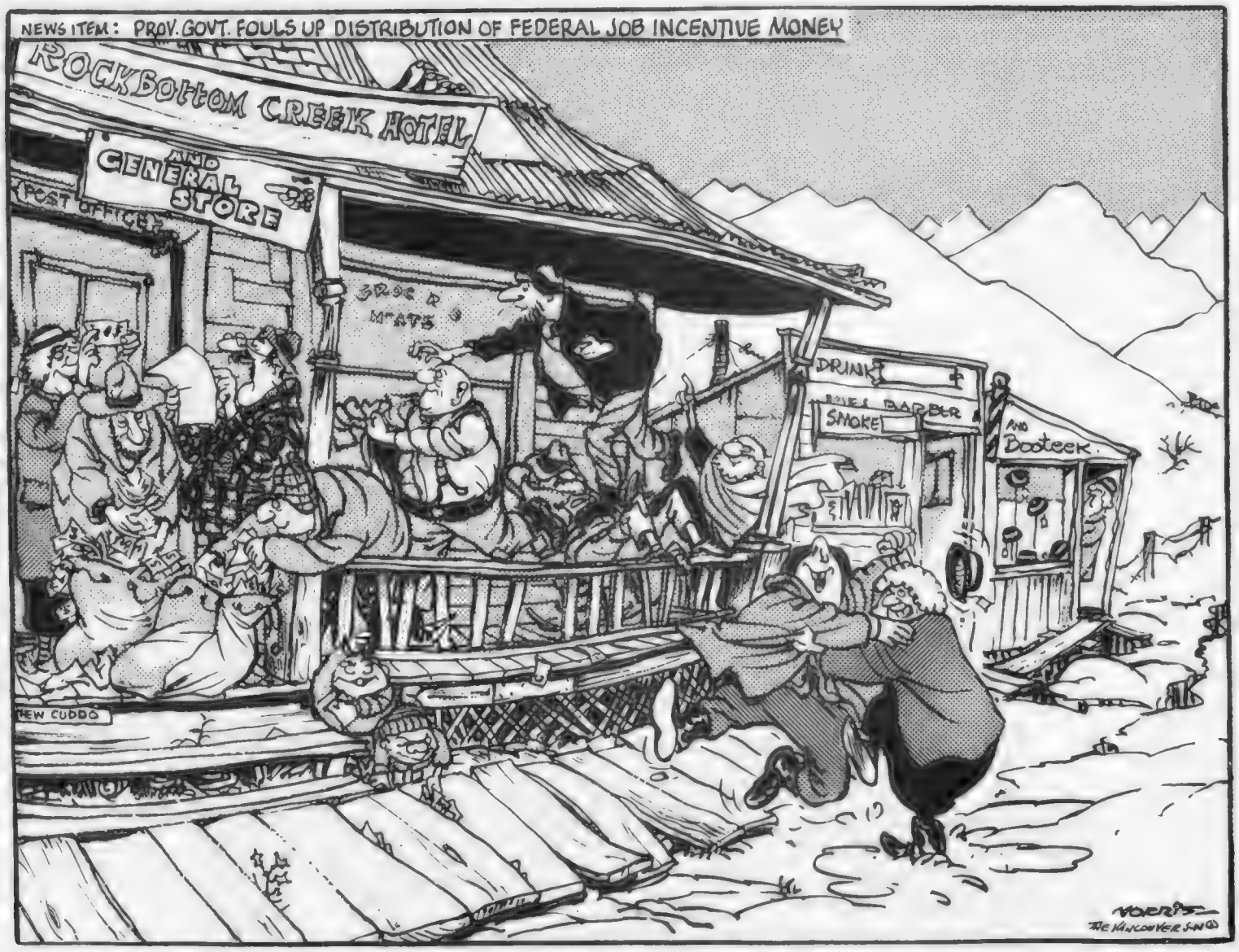
Then there's the Union Club—I made it into the Victoria—which is ultra-conservative in its politics, which I have been able to use as a setting for comment on liberal policies, and for talk about all sorts of scandals that went on while the Liberals were in power in Ottawa.

And there's the Amblesnide and Tiddlycove Village—which is where I live—and Rock Bottom Creek where all the most terrible, dire-neglect events take place. These spots seem to turn up on their own when I need them.

Q: Can you give an example of how you might use one of these scenes?

NORRIS: Well, let's suppose that our provincial government is in charge of distributing some federal money which is intended for use on job-incentive projects. When a lot of mismanagement and some weird projects turn up, as they always do, I can turn this situation around to Rock Bottom Creek where they have practically nothing. They suddenly find that they've been given $5 million to build a 2-hole public comfort station, and that's all the scene I need. All I'm trying to do is point out that this is an extreme case of mismanagement by our dear old bureaucrats who are the greatest people in the world for providing this material for us. I refer you to cartoon #1 which you are including.

1



". . . and while $5.1 million to build a two-hole public comfort station was briefly questioned, we are pleased, gentlemen, to . . ."

(August 21, 1970)

"We didn't have this tomfool nonsense before they changed it from Royal Mail to Postes Canada . . . "

(2)

In Cartoon #2, you'll notice that I've used the Empress Hotel lobby in commenting about our mail going to pot. There are practically no French people out here — more Germans actually — but in the meantime we have both the French and English languages at great expense on all our postal trucks, Federal buildings, and on most of our other buildings, while the mail is going to pot. So that the Empress, with its very British group, is a good scene to use when criticizing the Post office for its current inefficiencies.

I've repeated the scene you see in the Victoria Conservative Club, in Cartoon #3, many times and this was an occasion when Trudeau made a rather rude remark in the House of Commons, and when accused of saying what he did, he replied that his remark was 'Fuddle-Duddle'. So this scene gave me a chance to call him to task in a quiet sort of way. Certainly it wasn't the kind of thing that would ever be said in the Victoria Club!

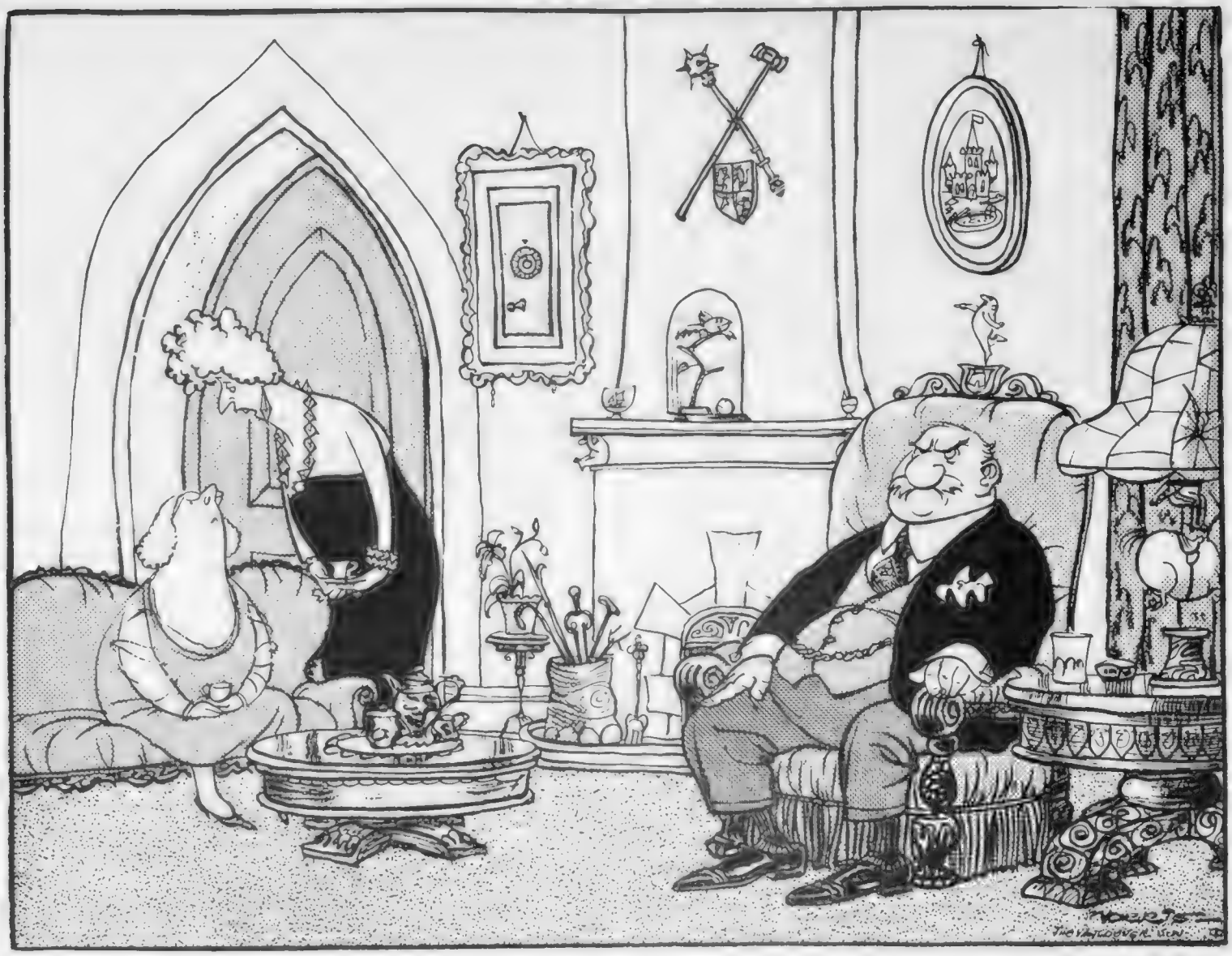
In Cartoon #4, we see Rodney who's always being done in by government tax agents. He's pretty well

(February 18, 1971)

"I shouldn't wish to disparage the fellow, but it offers little challenge to immortal Churchillian standards of parliamentary repartee . . . "

(3)

1959 Natl. Film Board Photo by Gar Lunney



(November 16, 1971)

"As I understand Rodney's explanation of the guaranteed annual income plan, everyone else, if the need arose, could clip his coupons . . ."

4

off but he always gets the rough end of it when it comes to any tax policies that the government brings in.

Quite a few of my cartoons deal with the relationship between Canada and the U.S.—we're so close and we're affected by each other's policies—so it makes good sense for me to react to International Balance of Payments problems with a local theme such as you see in Cartoon #5. While these government happenings occur in the halls of Washington, London, Ottawa, Tokyo, etc., the effects are felt in the living rooms and backyards of people who read the paper. So I try and relate the event to some happening that can be staged by ordinary people rather than by politicians. For this reason I don't seem to have very many cartoons of the politicians themselves, unlike Roy Peterson—my cohort here, a super-cartoonist and a technically well-trained artist—whose approach is a complete switch from mine. He's a very fine caricaturist and he makes full use of this ability by treating political figures directly. I don't pretend to be a good caricaturist — it's not my forte—so I try to avoid it wherever I can. I relate political events to my own set of characters who react to events rather than make them.

I do a great many very local things, which is why the scenes are very peculiar to the Vancouver area. I guess I do this primarily because through syndicates we can get cartoons galore that deal with the international situation. When I'm handling outside issues, I still try to resolve them in a local setting. If something happens in England or in the U.S., how does it affect the

(October 2, 1971)

"Fat lot of thanks I seem to be getting for an all-out effort to solve the international balance of payments fiasco."

quarter-million readers in the general Vancouver area? That's one of the joys of not being widely-syndicated—that I don't have to draw cartoons which must be watered down to accommodate general acceptance everywhere.

Q: You submit three roughs to your Editorial Page Editor each day, don't you?

NORRIS: Yes. As I mentioned earlier, when I came to Vancouver over 23 years ago, I had no idea what I was doing and he didn't have time to show me how to become an editorial cartoonist. So I started off sort of naturally by submitting some fairly carefully drawn, rough pencil sketches to him during a morning, and he'd pick the one he wanted. Now this is a long way from doing a cartoon by direction of the editor. I don't think he has ever said, "here's what I'd like you to do for a cartoon", in this whole period of time. This same policy applies to his editorial writers—every man has produced on his own, and his daily output is either accepted or he goes back to the old drawing board and starts over.

There's no way that a cartoon can be done by committee, and there's no way that an editor, who deals in words, can convey a practical idea that needs to be conveyed visually. I was told, many years ago, by the publisher, that I should just submit the cartoon and not bother with roughs, and that he'd run it unless the editor decided not. Maybe I should have followed his suggestion, but I rather like the idea of having an editor. He takes a whole fresh look at my morning's kicking around of ideas, and his reaction is something I appreciate. I feel much more comfortable, hearing from him

that an idea has got something to it, because I've probably been so close to it that everything has gone stale by the time I'm ready to start work on the finish. I depend on a lot of whimsy, a fairly delicate form of light humor, and this is so fragile that the opinion of someone suddenly looking at it is a real good thing to have.

Another reason I like to have my editor look at my cartoon ideas, before I'm committed to doing them, is that he is quite often more informed than I am. He's quite often privy, through his attendance at editorial meetings which I don't go to, to a lot of information which I may not be aware of. So that he can have a good reason sometimes for saying, "no, let's not do that — the way that was reported isn't quite accurate, etc.". Quite often I'm saved from a bit of a disaster by information which turns up. Incidentally, I don't particularly seek to be a political student because if I'm much more informed than my readers are, there's a very good chance that only the political pundits are going to be getting anything out of my cartoons. So I try to be what I am — Mr. Average-everyday-reader.

I work with the information that's available to any reader through the paper. I certainly do a great deal of magazine reading — I'm a magazine nut —, and I listen to a lot of the radio talk shows on the way to work in the morning. Quite often these talk shows reflect an awful lot of matters that are on peoples' minds. And I never miss reading the letters to the editor column because these are a very good indication of what is really bugging people. Of course I do get the opportunity of talking to people who are very well informed on what goes on on Parliament Hill, on what's happening among the various factions, and labor parties, and unions. By the way, I generally shoot for a different topic in each of the three roughs I do each day.

Q. I know you've said that you

(October 14, 1971)

"The president's on TV . . . or don't you care how he runs the countries?"

have a vague system for getting ideas. Would you say something about that?

NORRIS: Well, I call it my 'route map' system, and I start with a base subject — let's say 'the high price of beef'. The base subject is home base and mentally I draw a map. First of all I picture what I call an obvious road, right down the middle, and it leads to gold, the mint, Ft. Knox, etc. This is the idea route I try to avoid, so I go down side roads from that main road and try to relate everything down a side road to my base subject, and I never turn back, no matter how silly things sound. For instance, I might go off on a side road to explore the butcher shop, the butcher's meal, the butcher's family, or his steer chart. I might go down another road that has cannibals — I won't go too far down there — or onto one that takes me to the trapper and the hunter, the wife as a trapper, the cowboys, the cattle, people becoming rustlers, rustlers becoming hustlers, the farmers, and down another road that's into other foods and diets, and thin and fat, and Jack Sprat, and substitute foods, etc.

I explore all these, roll them around and toss them about, and work out ideas and scenes and settings for each one. This method so often does provide ideas, all in the form of little rough, quick thumbnail sketches. Eventually the solution comes out of my own personal experiences through life — what I've read, and remember. And it comes out of whatever my inventiveness can devise along any one of these roads. If this method doesn't produce anything, I discard the base subject and try another one.

I think it's important, when a cartoonist gets older, for him to keep a sense of what the current mores are — what current tastes are, etc. In the old days there was no sex or controversial religion in the family newspaper. But these subjects are now bandied about all over the place so you can't ignore

(October 28, 1971)

"A very sensible ruling for stupid and dangerous playthings . . ."

them — so you deal with them. They're now legitimate subjects but you have to keep in mind that some of the older people are shocked or offended by some of these new ideas pertaining to abortion, sex, marriage, etc. Treat them with a certain amount of good taste. I can now draw a nude in a cartoon without getting angry letters from dear old 'constant readers' about how I'm degrading the youth. As far as religion is concerned, we're having a controversy locally now about the pulling-down of an old cathedral, and the building of a combination cathedral and high-rise office building. This is a major topic so you tackle it, but I can remember when you'd steer clear of it.

Q: Does the cartoonist run into a danger of getting into cliches of drawing and of style?

NORRIS: Yes — every now and then I'll attack the drawing part of the cartoon from a whole new angle. Not enough of a switch so that the reader wouldn't recognize who did the cartoon, but maybe a change of technique, or I might get very 'designy' if the cartoon idea happens to lend itself to this style. I might, for a change, use a decorative technique. Or, since I normally use a lot of benday screen, I might completely discard this method some days and do a drawing with all kinds of shading and whirlygigs, etc. Other times I'll discard the border or do the cartoon on a gray, square panel. I may change brushes and pens, or will use a dry-brush type of drawing, or a grease pencil one, and I may change the shape of the cartoon.

I'll draw with anything to get a certain effect. I use a brush usually — the ink dries very quickly so I'm not smudging it — and I can get more difference in line with a brush than with a pen. Pen nibs are more difficult to handle, although there's nearly always some pen work in my drawings. If I have to do something rough and texture-y, as on a drapery, I might use grease pencil or a felt pen to put the pattern on. I'm always looking at other cartoonists' work, and their techniques, and I'm not above learning various ways of portraying smoke, for instance, or different ways of showing water when it's rough or calm, or reflections, or depicting shoes, etc. There's always someone better in these various details than I am, so I've always got something to learn.

Brenard Photographic Service-London Airport

Q: You've said that a lot of cartoonists depend only on the faces of their characters to portray expressions. What do you do, in addition to that?

6

(October 23, 1969)

"I'd like half a pound of anything you have that doesn't contain tars, resins, pesticide residues, polysupersaturated fats, artificial sweeteners, softeners, foaming agents or chemical additives . . ."

NORRIS: You shouldn't try to do it all with just the face — mouth up if the character is happy, mouth down if he's sad, etc. Consider what his hands are doing or the position of the character's feet. These touches contribute to a general attitude that you're trying to portray. If someone is crestfallen, try turning his toes in. I'm a great one for messing about with the position and the stance of the body, and the knees, and legs, in achieving an effect.

Q: You have a lot going on in your cartoons, don't you?

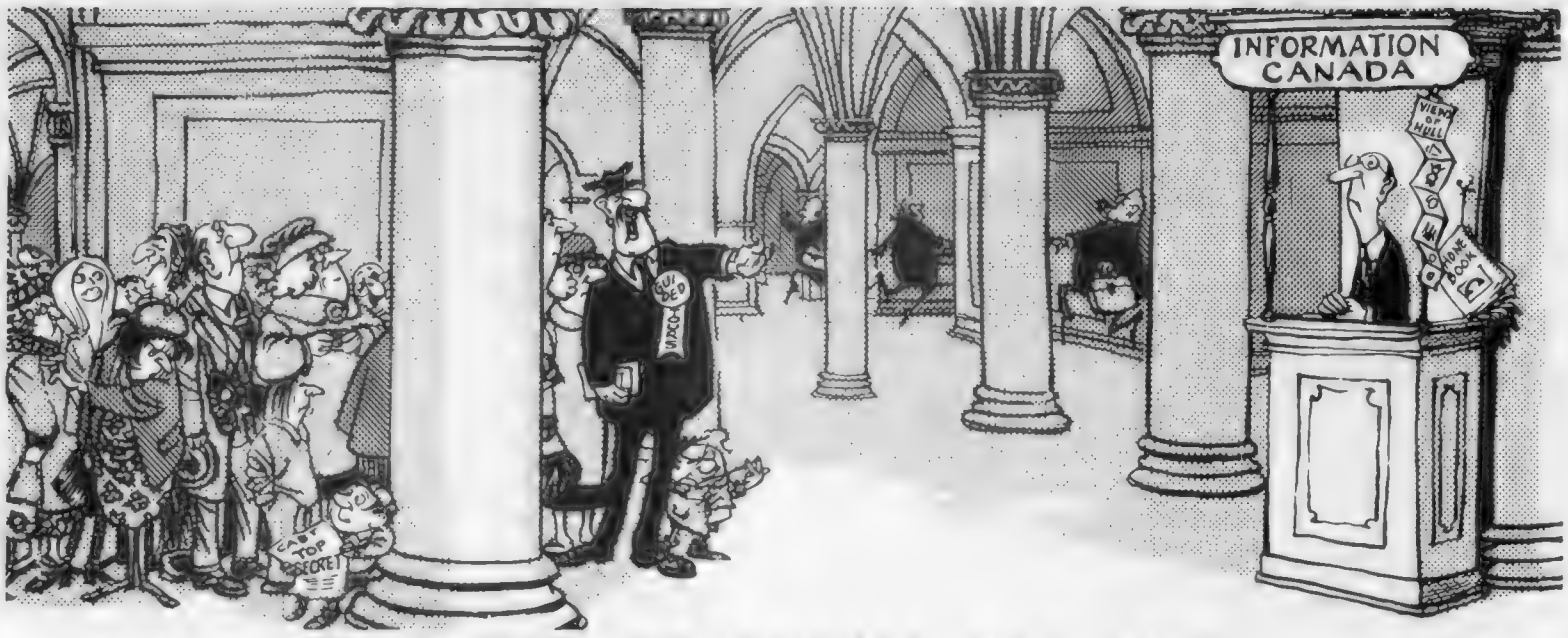
NORRIS: Yes, I throw a lot of background things in as sort of second looks — these can appear, for instance, as pictures on the wall, and my cartoons seem to lend themselves to this. The danger is that you may get a great jumbled mass of items in a relatively small space, and the whole cartoon may end up confusing the main point. So your cartoon has to be carefully planned, and the main subject must be seen immediately.

There's a simple example in cartoon #6. The line from the little kid goes up to the mother who's speaking — the line of the counter, and all the lines in the shop are run towards her, and she has a certain

21ST ANNUAL COLLECTION

NORRIS

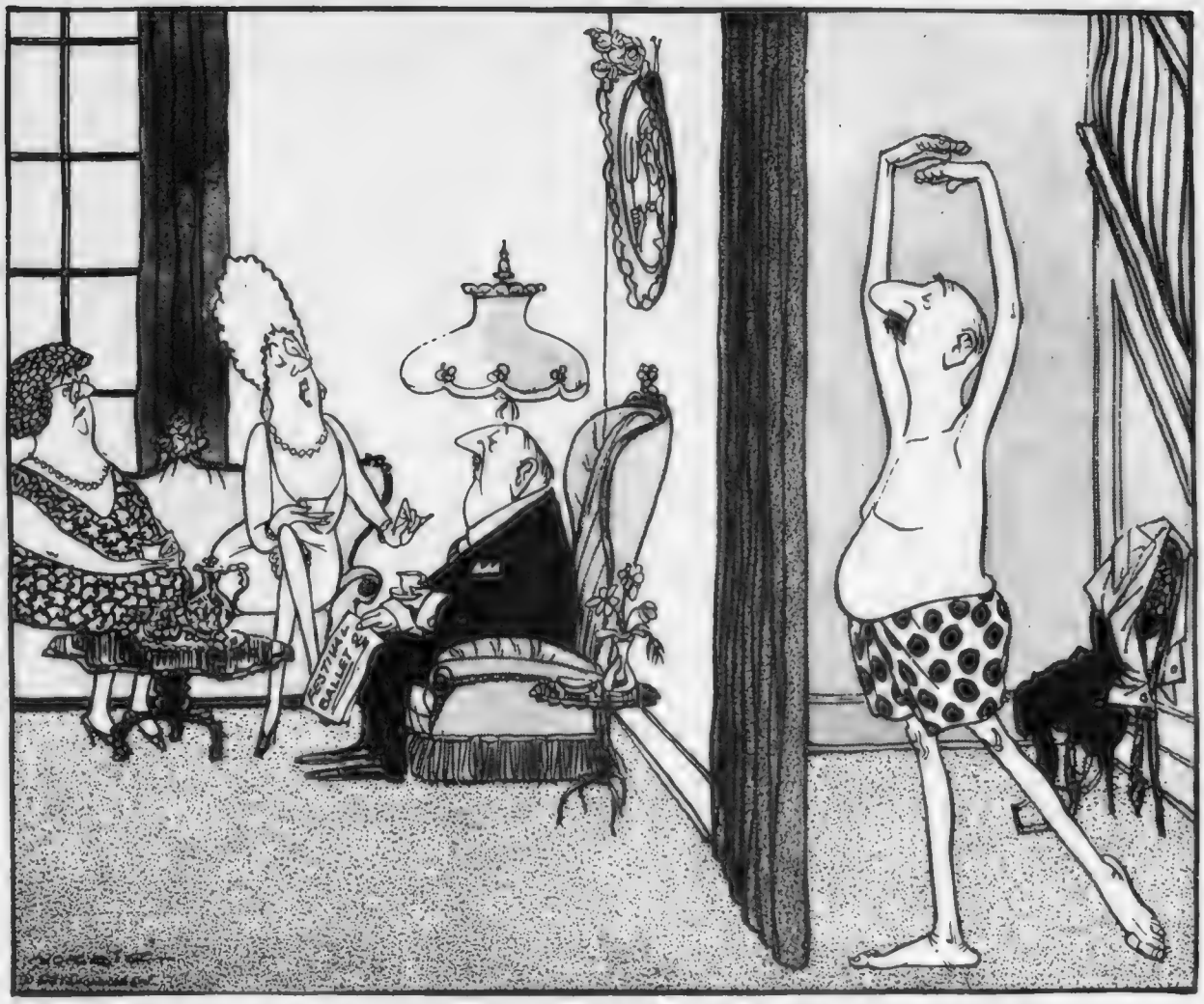
101 CARTOONS



FROM THE VANCOUVER SUN · $1.00

Cover of the 21st Annual Collection of Norris' cartoons (the latest). About 27,000 of these are sold each year through bookshops, drugstores, etc., in the Vancouver area.

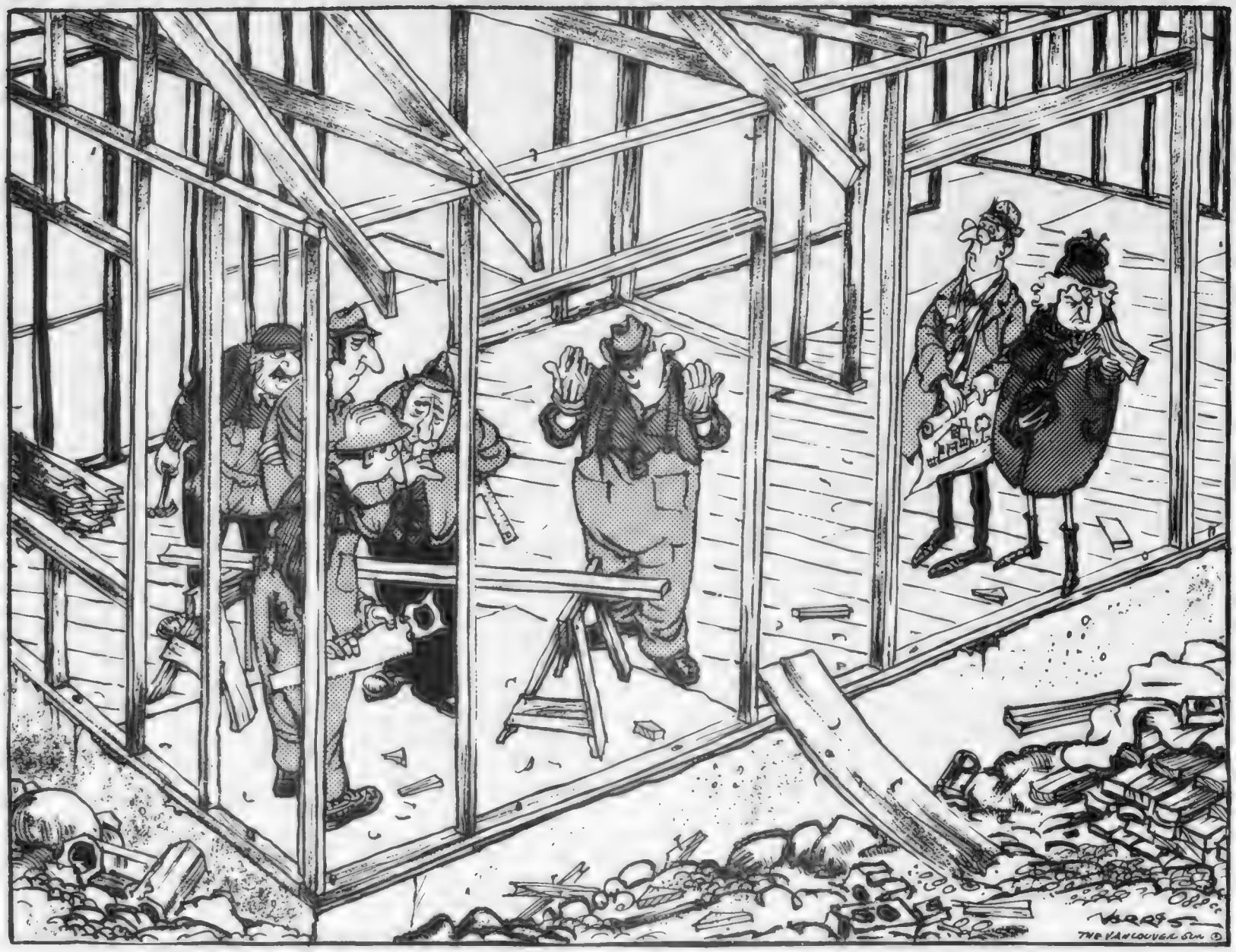
'It's only vin du pays *. . . we're a bit strapped as Cecil is between Canada Council grants.'*



. . . as Rodney so aptly put it, mere words simply cannot do justice in describing the magnificent Festival ballet . . .'

I know you wouldn't think it to look at him . . . but he has a good job in the Montreal head office of an active, go-ahead, government-sponsored, young Canadian company.'

7



"Sure things are a bit slow. . . at today's lumber prices we like to call in a second and third opinion before operating."

amount of black on her. The old lady is facing away and out of the picture, so the first thing your eye hits is the woman talking. Cartoon #7 is another example. This could be a mixed-up drawing without some planning. I put a plank up toward the speaker, breaking the pattern — it points him out, and he's also standing a little apart. The other couple are standing well in the background, and the speaker's hands are in a very obvious 'Dr. Kildare with gloves' position. This sets him out as the person who's talking.

Q: What about long and short cutlines?

NORRIS: I have no particular worries about a cutline being long if there's a good reason for it. Some people say that the ideal cartoon has *no* cutline, but I think it's perfectly legitimate to have a cutline that goes on and on. I remember doing one cartoon showing a group of lawyers going up in an elevator to a lawyers' convention. They were asking for the floor in legal language, which was the point of the cartoon, and the cutline was 5 or 6 lines deep. ●

THE GRAHAM GALLERY, 1014 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021, has a growing collection of Cartoon Comic Strip Art for sale, by a number of cartoonists. The Graham Gallery has been the most prominent New York Gallery to show a strong interest in the cartoon art, and they feature frequent exhibitions of the work of people in our profession. Following is a list of the artists whose work they currently have for sale:

Peter Arno
CEM (Martin)
Bemelmans
Gus Edson
George Herriman
Johnny Hart
Otto Soglow
Ted Key
Pat Oliphant
Ernie Bushmiller
Thomas Nast
Raeburn Van Buren
Jerry Robinson
TAD (Thomas Dorgan)
John Held, Jr.
Frank King
Alan Dunn
Richard Taylor
Chic Young
Charles Schulz
Mil ton Caniff
Charles Addams
Carl Rose
Hal Foster
Harry Hershfield
George McManus
Edward Sorrell
Walt Kelly
Al Capp
David Pascal
Edward Plunkett
Charles Kahles
Sam Norkin
Rollin Kirby
Whitney Darrow, Jr.
Tack Knight
And others . . .

.....

We'd like to acknowledge the enthusiastic help of RICK BECKRICH of Publishers-Hall Syndicate whenever features distributed by that syndicate are involved in CARTOONIST PROfiles stories.

FRANK and ERNEST

Funny in black and white, fantastic in full color! NEA's newest comic by Bob Thaves is sweeping the country. It's already appearing in more than 200 daily and Sunday newspapers.

If you have an idea for a daily and/or Sunday comic page feature, send it to Tom Peoples, Director of Comic Art, Newspaper Enterprise Association, 1200 West Third Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44113.

A veteran animator, I'm collecting 16mm prints of old Fleischer, Woody Woodpecker, Betty Boop, Popeye, Tom & Jerry, Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck sound cartoons — particularly those with screen credits of my old co-workers. If you have some for sale or trade, please contact Gordon Sheehan, 703 Hinman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois 60202.

Is there any possible way to obtain or borrow the following issues of CARTOONIST PROfiles from anyone? Issues #1, 2, 4, 7, 8. 9, 12 and 13. Stan Caspary, P.O. Box 6187, Anaheim, Calif. 92806.

I missed CARTOONIST PROfiles #1. Could ANYONE LOAN me a copy—just to READ? Jim Jones, 744 Pomelo Drive, Vista, Calif. 92083.

Would like to buy or rent Issue #1. John Reynolds, 20 53 20th St., Astoria, N.Y. 11105.

LOVE TO ALL

PHIL LOVE

Our friend, PHIL LOVE, former Feature Editor of THE WASHINGTON STAR, longtime writer of books and newspaper columns, and currently producer of an extremely interesting publication devoted to the "funnies", was moved to write the following after Issue #17 of CARTOONIST PROfiles appeared. We're always happy to share some of Phil's experiences with cartoonists with our readers.

by PHIL LOVE

Jud Hurd isn't the only one that has had a letter from Stan Drake in Spain.

Stan's letter to Jud and Jud's interview with me appeared in the same issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles (March 1973), and Stan was reminded of some good times we had together, and that moved him to write to me too.

Stan didn't itemize the good times, but one of them must have been the night he came to my house for a brief visit and stayed until just before the crack of dawn. He came about 8:30 and got up to leave at 10:30, explaining that he had to get up very early the next morning.

We were standing on the front stoop, saying goodbye, when I saw a shooting star. That reminded me that just a few weeks before, my grandson, Edward Greene, thought he saw a Flying Saucer. I mentioned this to Stan, and he said:

"Don't get me started on UFOs or I'm likely to talk all night."

"Consider yourself started," I suggested, "What do you know about UFOs?"

It turned out that he knew plenty. He'd not only read widely on the subject; he belonged to some organization devoted to the study of UFOs, and he had many interesting tales to tell and theories to expound.

I'm reminded now of two of Walt Kelly's visits to my house.

The first happened to be during Lent and I was on the well-known wagon. But I didn't want to dampen Walt's enjoyment of the evening by letting him drink alone, so I told my wife to serve me tea on the rocks and I'd pretend it was bourbon.

I don't know how many Scotches Walt put away, but I drank enough tea to float a Chinese junk.

Very late in the evening, Walt suddenly closed one eye, focused the other on me and said:

"You're the damdest. drinker I ever saw. Here I am as boiled as a hoot owl and you've been matching me drink for drink all night, and you still look and sound as if you haven't had a drop."

For the next year or two or three, I kept running into cartoonists, editors, and syndicate managers who told me that Walt had told them I was "the two-fistedest drinker in the U.S. of A."

I'm not, really. Like everyone else, I use only one hand.

The other time was shortly after I moved into my new home and I warned Walt to give the taxicab driver explicit instructions that 3015 Beech (as in tree) Street N.W. was not to be confused with Beach (as in waterfront) Drive, which is in Rock Creek Park. Nevertheless, he arrived at 10:30 instead of 8:30, and when I answered the door-chimes, he said:

"I hope you won't mind if I bring the cab driver in with me, Phil. We've been wandering around in the park for two hours and I'm afraid that if I let him go, I'll never get another driver that can find his way here."

So the cabbie came in and sat enthralled as he sipped Scotches-and-soda in the company of one of the world's most famous comic-strip artists.

Along about 3 a.m., when Walt decided to return to his hotel, the driver said:

"Mr. Kelly, I hope you won't mind doing me a big favor. I promised my wife I'd be home by midnight and she'll never believe that I've been with you. You're her favorite cartoonist. Will you draw one of your characters and sign it, so I can prove I was really with you?"

"Happy to," Walt responded, taking an index card and a pen from his coat pocket. "Which character would you like?"

"Dick Tracy."

Without batting an eye, Walt sketched Tracy, autographed it to the cabbie, and said, "I hope your wife likes it."

"Oh, she'll love it, Mr. Kelly," the driver said ecstatically. "I don't know how to thank you."

Stan's letter raised an interesting question: Why are story strips declining in popularity in the U.S. and, at the same time, growing in popularity in Europe?

"For some reason, the story strip is VERY big here," Stan wrote. They do not equate it with TV or bad news in the press — they just seem to love the continuing story strip.

"It is amazing! I have traveled extensively, and everybody knows my 'Juliet Jones.' In Brussels I got a front-page photo and an inside story filling half of page 2. In Paris, *France Soir,* the largest paper in France, ran photos and a long story. I can hardly believe the difference between Europe and America. Naturally, this intrigues me, but I cannot explain the dramatic difference. . . . It's almost as if they knew something, or felt something . . . basic that Americans have forgotten, or tired of, or are sick of, or lack . . .

"I am sure you have witnessed — or at least heard of — this phenomenon, and perhaps you know the answer.

"Everywhere I have gone — France, Belgium, Scandinavia, Germany — when the subject arises . . . people react as if I were Clark Gable in his prime. 'Juliet — Juliet Jones!' 'Juliet du mon Coer!' 'Julia Kester, Eve et Og!' They can't believe I'm there in the flesh. It has been almost traumatic. I wasn't prepared for the fantastic reception.

"I would be extremely interested to know if you have an answer. Do you suppose all of Europe is behind the sophistication of America — and back there where 'Apple Mary' started?"

I don't pretend to know the answer, but I do have some theories.

Beginning with the Bay of Pigs, Americans have had nothing but bad news — not only in foreign affairs but in domestic matters. The Cuban missile crisis, the gold drain, the Laotian crisis, civil rights disturbances, assassinations, crime in the streets, Vietnam, dope, strikes by people who wouldn't have dreamed of striking against the public weal a dozen and more years ago, riots, inflation, antiwar demonstrations — just one frightening thing after another. In such times, people need desperately to be amused, anything to escape dreadful reality. This is why some comics that wouldn't have got past the third assistant office boys in syndicate offices have been accepted and — more's the pity — sold. Even if they're not funny, if they're just supposed to be funny, they get by.

Additionally — perhaps for the same reason — we're deep into an era of ugliness. Ugly buildings. Ugly people in ugly dress. Ugly manners. Ugly speech. Ugly movies, ugly books, ugly everything.

There have been such periods before. This one, too, shall pass.

* * *

I hope you're receiving — and enjoying — the little journal of culture and enlightenment I get out "for the friends of the funnies" under the aegis of the Greater Buffalo Press. If you're not getting it but would like to, write to Peter A. Vogt, sales manager of GBP, 302 Grote St., Buffalo, N.Y. 14207. ●

Dedini

Photo by Roger W. Fremier.

ELDON DEDINI

ELDON DEDINI, who started to work nationally as an ESQUIRE cartoonist, who nowadays draws regularly for THE NEW YORKER and PLAYBOY, as well as doing advertising work and book illustration, is a cartoonist's cartoonist. In 1958, in 1961, and again in 1964 he was voted the magazine cartoonist of the year by The National Cartoonists Society. He is a member of the Cartoonists Guild, Inc., formerly The Magazine Cartoonists Guild. Dedini lives with his wife, Virginia, and their son, Giulio, in Monterey, California. Mrs. Dedini paints, is a former fashion artist, had a one-man show at the Santa Barbara Museum, and has exhibited at the L.A.. County Museum, the San Francisco Museum of Art, the Carmel Art Association, and other galleries in the Monterey area. Dedini was born in California, grew up in the Salinas Valley, and has continued to work in his native state, mailing his cartoons to the eastern markets.

In Issue #16 of CARTOONIST PROfiles, the noted cartoonist PAUL COKER, JR. did the first of his series of interviews with other prominent cartoonists living in the Monterey, California area — a story about Gus Arriola and Gordo. In this issue, Paul talks with award-winning ELDON DEDINI, whose cartoons have filled hundreds of pages in THE NEW YORKER, PLAYBOY, ESQUIRE, etc., over the years.

COKER: Your cartoons have always seemed to me to have a painterly quality. How did that come about?

DEDINI: Well, for one thing, I had a lot of contact with some of the artists who made up what was known as the Southern California Watercolor Group, during the years 1944 to 1946 when I worked at Walt Disney's. Some of these men, such as Don Graham, did backgrounds at the studio, and he also taught life drawing both at Disney's and at the Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles which I had attended previously. I did storyboards and worked with two writers at Disney's, and was in the 'story sketch' department. Some of my experiences there made me look pretty closely at my own work. Maybe I'd spend days working on a background sketch of what looked like the whole Carmel Valley, buildings and all, and still not get it to my satisfaction. Finally a messenger girl would take my sketch down to the background department and, half an hour later, she'd come back with a great big, finished rendering of the scene that would knock my eye out! When I saw it, I felt about two inches tall, but yet I studied the drawing to see how the background artist did it. One certainly learned humility there when there were a thousand cartoonists drawing — you went in, thinking you could draw, and about the second day you began all over again.

COKER: What brought you into

Drawing by Eldon Dedini
© 1967 The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

"No, I didn't call a taxi."

cartooning in the first place?
DEDINI: When I was 12 or 13 I got a subscription to 'Esquire' magazine, was impressed with their flowing watercolor cartoons, and began to copy them. Five years later Esquire bought my first cartoon. I guess the decision to become a cartoonist came somewhere in high school when I bought a Lawrence Lariar book from which I learned the process of making a rough, putting the caption at the bottom of a drawing, etc. He also listed the names of Cartoon Editors such as Gurney Williams at Colliers and John Bailey at the Post. Then I had a good art teacher in Junior College in Salinas who advised me to go down to the local paper with a portfolio of my drawings, and to offer my services free, just for the experience. He arranged for me to get college credit for my editorial cartoon chores at the old 'Salinas Index-Journal' and the 'Salinas Morning Post'.

In 1942 I got a scholarship to the Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles but I purposely spent only 3 or 4 days a week there because I wanted the rest of the week free for me to send out cartoons to the magazines. At the time I left Chouinard and went to work at Disney's in 1944, I was selling 'Judge', 'Esquire', etc.

I'd work at Disney's from 8 to 5, come home, have supper, and then work into the night on my gag cartoon work for the magazines. Dave Smart, the founder-publisher-editor of Esquire, accepted the first drawing of mine published nationally. He bought a lot of gags and farmed them out to Barbara Shermund, E. Simms Campbell, etc., and one day, while I was still at Disney's, he phoned and offered to double my salary if I'd work for Esquire. He said I could be a gag man and that he'd give me a certain number of finishes to do. I took him up on his offer, wrote & drew for Esquire from 1946 to 1950, and didn't sell other magazines during this period since Smart wanted this to be an exclusive

Drawing by Eldon Dedini
© 1972 The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

"There I was, coming in low at a hundred and seventy-five m.p.h. with forty-two acres of broccoli to the left of me, eighteen acres of asparagus to the right of me, eighty acres of carrots straight ahead! Power lines all around! My target: seven acres of badly infested garlic smack in the center. . . ."

". . . This is your telephone company. Have you heard about our new colored telephones?"

ESQUIRE :

arrangement.

Commencing in 1950 I began to do work for the New Yorker where I'd been sending a batch every 5 or 6 years. After 1950 I didn't have this exclusive arrangement with Esquire any more, although I sold them into the 60's. I have a 'first-look-contract' with the New Yorker. Then, in 1960, I also began to do Playboy cartoons. It came about this way - - - one day Lee Holley called me and said, "I've got an O.K. from Playboy, and Hugh Hefner suggested in a note with it that I should make a color finish in the Dedini style". Holley came over to talk about it but I figured that if they were going to teach people to work in my style, I'd better get in on some of it.

COKER:Do you do your own gags?
DEDINI: 99% of them. In my Esquire days I had to send 100 ideas a month to them — I sent in jokes for Paul Webb and his hillbilly characters, harem ideas for E. Simms Campbell, gags for Barbara Shermund, etc. Nowadays I return all the gags that are submitted to me.

Drawing by Eldon Dedini
© 1972 The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

"I'll tell you what it is. It's two hundred thousand peasants from permissive peasant homes, that's what it is!"

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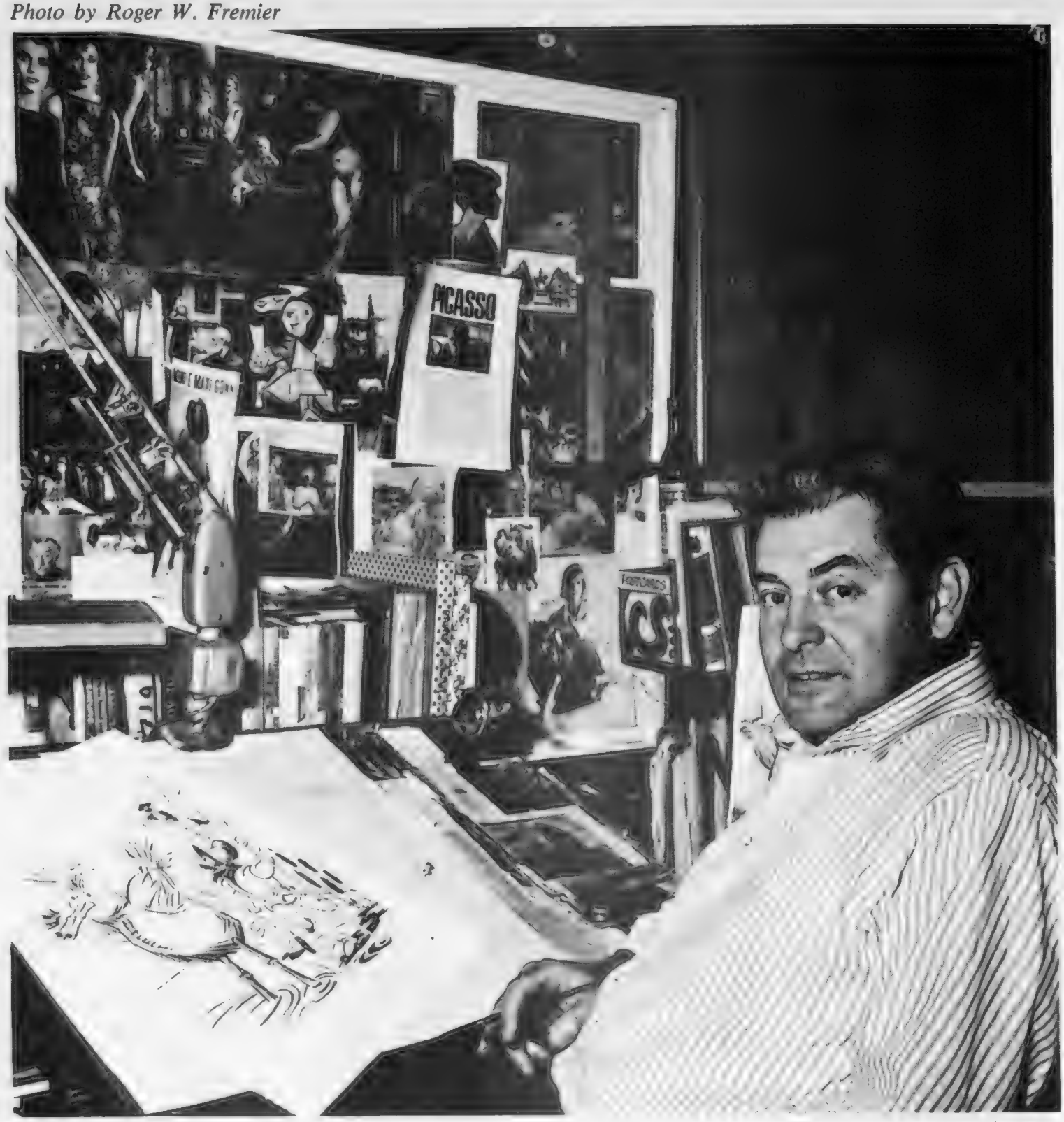
"Can't you set that damn thing down?"

Photo by Roger W. Fremier



COKER: What abilities does a young person have to have in order to become a good cartoonist?

DEDINI: Mainly, I've come to the conclusion that he has to be a humorist first of all. I'm not so much worried about whether he can draw or not — that can be learned but I don't know if one can acquire a sense of humor and the art of putting the elements of humor together. I tell young people to look at cartoons they like, copy them, and find out what makes them tick. Getting to be a cartoonist is a big concept — it's getting ideas by observing and thinking, and by applying your fanny to the chair. You've got to say, "I'm going to devote my life to it!" When some youngster tells me that he wants to make a little extra money while he's going to college, I tell him that I work 12 hours a day at cartooning. I tell him to remember, if he's planning on doing his cartoons while he's chasing girls or doing his homework, that he's going to have *me* for his competition the minute he sends a cartoon in. I recommend art school if a young person can afford it, but if not he can still be a cartoonist. Keep drawing continually. I never went out sketching people on the street like one is always told — somehow I was too embarrassed with people looking at me. But I do keep looking at people when I'm out — you can carry in your head the way

A Dedini Rough

A Preparatory Sketch for a PLAY-BOY color finish.

somebody's hat sits on his head, etc.

I try to continually reimburse my library of types because I don't want to fall into the habit of copying my own work! In my attempt not to get entrapped with the same girl's face, for instance, I change the hairdos etc., and once in a while I make a breakthrough. I have maybe 10 girls I'm drawing now instead of perhaps 3 I used to do. Often when I'm on the street, I'll see a face or a figure and I'll say to myself, "Gee, that's a good proportion", and I'll come home, make a doodle of it on a clipboard, and work it into some roughs. As I make roughs I'm always distorting different ways and then these efforts slowly get worked into my finishes.

COKER: Which cartoonists have influenced you?

DEDINI: Some of the Esquire people, such as E. Simms Campbell, influenced me in my color work, and I guess I looked at Peter Arno more than any other cartoonist. He was a master of simplifying

On left-hand page:

I sometimes do 15 or 20 preparatory sketches in working out the characters or the backgrounds for a cartoon, and sometimes I solve the problem in one sketch. Since Playboy finishes will often be in color, and full page at that, I visualize them more as 'productions', especially if the scene is a period piece or the idea is enhanced by the background. It's a dangerous approach as the humor can easily fly if 'overproduced' or over-drawn. That happens, and I begin again.

Sometimes, unfortunately, I realize after a cartoon has been printed that less would have been more. This concept is almost anti-cartoon and close to illustration which is death to humor in my opinion. It bothers me and I try to remember to keep the eyes beady and noses bulgy, or vice versa.

Drawing by Eldon Dedini
© 1971 The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

"You will now eat the main course, choucroute à l'alsacienne. Adapted by Escoffier from an Alsatian dish of the region around Strasbourg, it is a finely shredded cabbage, fermented in brine, served with the very best smoked goose and pork."

things, and of staging his cartoons, and he had a posterish approach that is always good for me to look back at because I have a tendency to overproduce things. At one time I was very much influenced by Whitney Darrow, Jr., and I remember that when I first met Art Editor Jim Geraghty at the New Yorker, he mentioned that he saw the Darrow influence on me.

COKER: Do you want to say something about what you're doing for Playboy these days?

DEDINI: Well, I've got a series going now of Japanese and East Indian erotic prints with gag lines. The orient is coming more and more into the news, we're hearing more from China and Japan, many kids have been attracted by the east's mystic religions, and these cartoons have an erotic quality that Playboy wants.

However, Publisher Hugh Hefner, and Cartoon Editor Michelle Urry have said, "Do many things", and so I also do political things in the back of Playboy — I've done Russian gags, some on acupuncture, etc. As far as the Japanese print ideas are concerned, it occurred to me that there is a great chance to redraw some of their woodblocks, make parodies of them and add gag lines. I got a lot of books on prints, and in doing the cartoons, I take bits

From time to time I sketch from news photos, magazines, movie stills, etc., in order to loosen up, find new answers, have fun, and get out of black moods.

Drawing by Eldon Dedini
© 1970 The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

"What gravels me is it's legal in Denmark."

and pieces out of different prints — you can kind of use the various prints as dictionaries. Maybe I'll start by borrowing some flowers from one print, getting a color scheme from another one, etc. I feel strongly, though, that anything erotic should have a certain intelligence behind it — and I hate just voyeurism.

Incidentally, I'm a little ambivalent about where the line is drawn between Playboy and New Yorker ideas but I just try to sense the difference in approach. Of course I did satyr ideas for the New Yorker long before I worked for Playboy. Sometimes the same joke can be rephrased to fit one magazine or the other. It may have the same essence in both magazines but in the Playboy version the men's eyes will bug more and the women will weigh an extra 75 pounds.

COKER: Your stuff is always in good taste.

DEDINI: Well, as far as I'm concerned, a good strong laugh has to be there, and I don't care for a cartoon where the sex angle is the only reason for a cartoon, because in the latter case it seems as though a kid were doing it. There has to be a certain mature wisdom about the drawing, in other words.

Incidentally, I'd like to add a word here about the Playboy roughs I do. Most of them are in black and white, but I do some with color added, if it helps the point. If I think I have an idea that would truly make a good color page, I may try to jog Michelle Urry and Hef in that direction by adding color to the rough.

COKER: Your working hours are a little different from those of a good many cartoonists, aren't they?

DEDINI: Yes — sometimes I get up at 3:30 or 4 in the morning — maybe 2 or 3 mornings a week. This is good thinking time, and also good drawing time for me. Other times I go to bed at 7 in the evening and then get up at 1 to work. Any time

I get horizontal I can go to sleep, I'm definitely a morning person — I'm fresh then, the world is new, and any tragedies that happened yesterday are forgotten. By the middle of the afternoon I'm petering out and, anyway, it gets pretty hot here in the studio after a certain time.

COKER: Can you say something about the mental gymnastics involved in getting ideas?

DEDINI: To be truthful, it's still a mystery to me. And it's the mystery that makes it interesting, and maybe if I knew more about it, I'd lose the touch.

I find if I put enough stuff *in* me by reading and observing, something is bound to come out.

I can read across the board anything and everything for short spurts. The variety of subjects start to cross pollinate and soon an explosion occurs. This is the top side of it. The underside is *my* viewpoint on things. Where I stand, what I believe, the messianic urge to change the world! Right the wrongs! The friction of creation starts here.

The visual has to go along with this so I "think" pictures as I read and doodle scenes with no specific joke in mind, though I do have the theme or subject as a target. At this point I'm dealing with situations, moods, feelings. And words. Simple words can trigger something.

I try first of all for a good laugh, but my main concern is the thoughts the reader is left with after the laugh. Thoughts on the inconsistencies of our lives. This edge between laughter and tragedy is where I get my satisfaction. Sometimes I can pull this off.

I work on a couch with a clip board and throw out on the floor these scenes as I do them. As the floor fills up, I'm reading and glancing at this array and shortly a line from a newspaper or book starts to fit a drawing and then one begins to build. Mainly I just THINK. Simple as that.

I like Hemingway's comment in a George Plimpton interview. "The most essential gift you can have is a built-in, shock-proof, shit detector."

Books I've recently read are "Play It As It Lays" by Joan Didion; "Beneath The Underdog" by Charlie Mingus; Renata Adler's "Toward a Radical Middle" and "Gift Horse" by Hildegard Neff. Things will sift through from these I know. If not, it was time well spent, for thoughts

Drawing by Eldon Dedini
© 1971 The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

"It sounds like a good scene, but I don't think I can help you out on it. I'm already overcommitted."

"Estate planning? Man, have you got the wrong number!"

well expressed are good for cartoonists and civilians alike.

Newspapers, newsmagazines, I obviously read, but TV is worthless as a working source, though it has a high irritation level which can steam you up! Because it unfolds spaghetti-like in one long coil, there is no meditation time. Each program wipes out the previous one and there's no time to think. One program and then hit the switch, I guess, and pick your programs with care. Actually I've had a set only in the last few years.

Often I get ideas on subjects that are of interest to only a few people. That's the trap in a lot of random reading. But one never knows. The chance is worth taking. Anything can spring from anything.

Like the line, "I think he's a little weak with his potentiometers, but the oscillating feedback is inspired." After two rejections at my main markets, I sold it to the magazine where I'd read the article originally about Moog Synthesizers.

I like to conjure up new scenes. Scenes not usual to cartooning.

I feel only the top of the iceberg of what I do appears in print.

But editors are generally wise and I basically have no complaints. At least I've had the benefit of one of the best with Jim Geraghty at The New Yorker. He keeps you honest.

There are "easy" ideas. Naturals. They are sitting there waiting when certain news events happen. The "hard" ideas are those you search out with your imagination. I get great elation when I put one of these together. Even greater elation when Geraghty buys it.

An Example of getting an idea:

I'd often observed people in museums going around with those tape recorders and plugs in their ears, with other-worldy expressions, listening to lectures on paintings. . . . .

Well, even *I'm* looking at the girl in front of the Rembrandt rather than the Rembrandt so it's an easy jump to THE NEW YORKER idea I did of a fellow listening to the tape but looking at a leggy girl.

The subject is a large one and so I'm reading the travel section of the NY TIMES about tours. Shortly, some recipes from another part of the paper. I like to cook. Then that free association begins — plus my viewpoints, pet hates, etc. and you get two people in the Tour d'Argent in Paris with plugs in their ears getting told what they are eating. People don't "experience" first hand anymore. Have to be TOLD. Or else it isn't real.

The caption had to be right. So I looked up a dozen recipes in the Larousse Gastronomique and settled on choucroute 'a l'alsacienne, remembering Brasserie Lipp in Paris where I'd love to flee right now.

An article in the NY TIMES travel section a week or so later refered to the cartoon and discussed just the points I hoped I was making. Followed by letters referring to the article by readers. An emotional bonus for me. IBM in New York bought the original. So it goes. ●

LE 10e SALON INTERNATIONAL DE LA CARICATURE

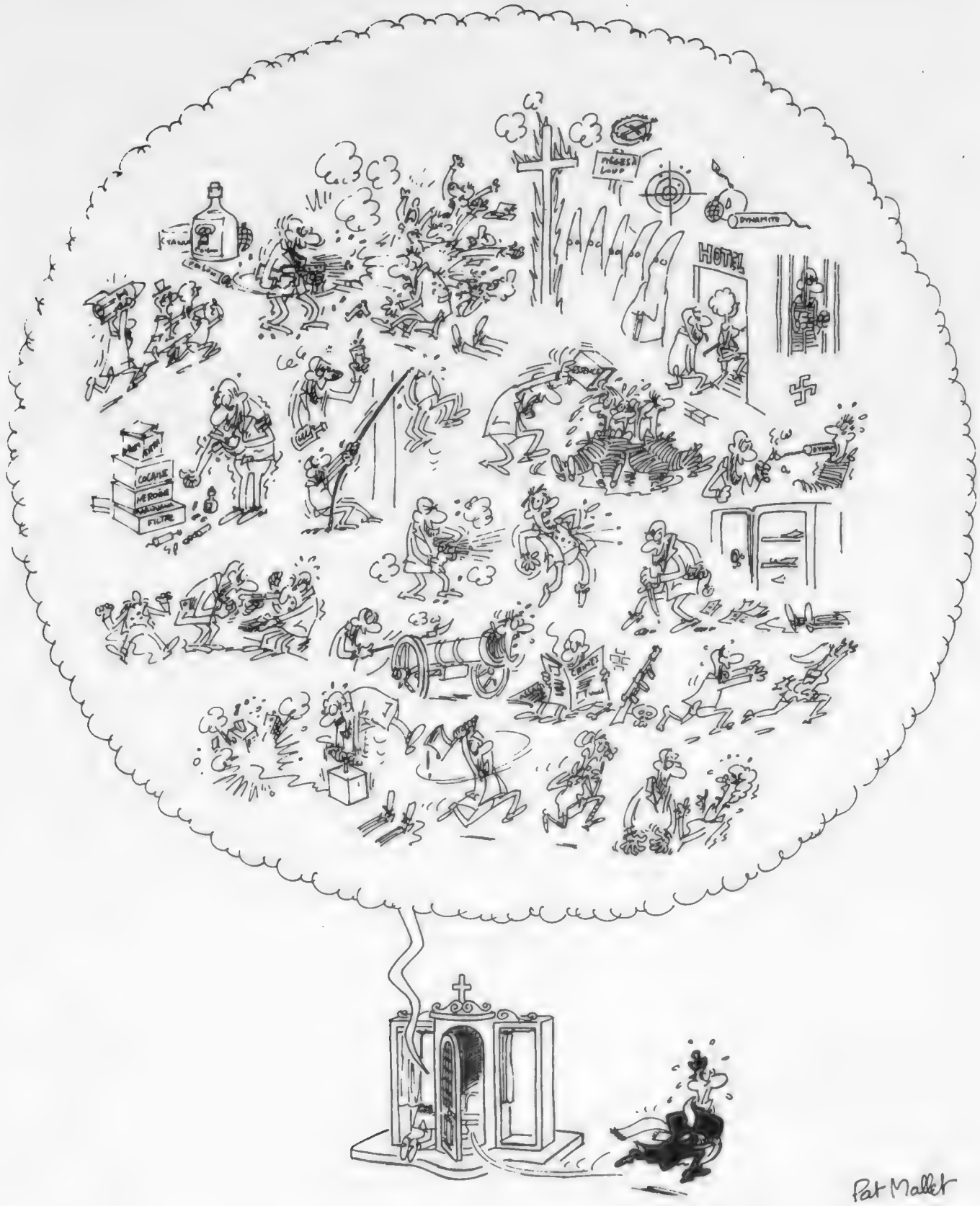
'Man and His World' (Terre Des Hommes) photo by Meunier.

BILL DUNN, a newspaper reporter for the NORWALK (Connecticut) HOUR, and a contributor to magazines, recently visited Montreal where he talked with ROBERT LAPALME, the director of that city's famed PAVILION OF HUMOUR, about this year's International Salon of Cartoons to be held from June to September at MAN AND HIS WORLD — Montreal.

By BILL DUNN

It's been quiet these past winter months at the site of the old Montreal Expo. Some of the exhibits have been taken down and offices remain unoccupied. For the hardy ones who stayed behind though, it's been a yearly matter of stoically contending with the deep snows and cold temperatures.

But that's all over for a while, now that summer's finally here. Soon the people will be coming in large numbers, crowding the man-made island in the middle of the cold St. Lawrence River to pass



Grand Prize-Winning Cartoon at 1972's International Salon of Cartoons, by Patrick Mallet for the Sud-Ouest Dimanche, France.

L to R: Jean-Pierre Girerd (Cartoonist LA PRESSE Montreal), Jean Effel (French Cartoonist), and Robert LaPalme.

'Man and His World' (Terre Des Hommes) photo by Meunier.

through the remaining exhibits. And this year as in past years, one of the biggest draws among them is expected to be the 10th International Salon of Cartoons, housed in the Pavilion of Humour.

A permanent resident at Expo since the fair opened in 1967, the Salon this year will exhibit hundreds of cartoons from around the world. There are expected to be more than 500 editorial, gag, and strip originals by the best and biggest names, and some unknowns, all of them professionals. The Grand Prize is $5000, 2nd prize $1000, 3rd $500, 4th $400, 5th $300, 6th $200, and 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th prize will be $100 each.

In addition the Salon this year will have a European exhibit of caricatures from the Middle Ages to the present, on loan from the Museum of France, the sculpture of Gerald Scarfe, and his satiric film, "Will the Real Mr. Hogarth Please Stand Up?", along with short subjects and special exhibits. It's an Olympian combination, unsurpassed for what it offers the fan and cartoonist alike.

And if this 10th Salon, beginning June 26, is anything like its predecessors, thousands will pass by the cartoon-lined walls of the exhibition hall each day. Average attendance for past summers has been placed roughly at 400,000, with an all-time high of 1.2 million in 1968.

The majority of visitors, about 70%, have been Americans, up in Canada for a week or two of vacation. But the people will come from all over the world really, as do the cartoons, and speak many different languages, a barrier which appears to be easily surmounted by the international humor of the cartoonists on display.

Although the Salon runs only during the summer months, with the full blessing of the Montreal city fathers, who realize it for the strong tourist attraction that it is, the work in preparation really begins at the conclusion of the previous year's showing.

The awarding of the prize money, along with the returning of submissions, all of it a time-consuming job, is the first order of old business. Once that's completed, work begins immediately on next year's exposition. Said Salon organizer and principal motivating force, Robert LaPalme, "I haven't had a vacation since beginning this, nine years ago."

Befitting the show's old world setting in Montreal, Mr. LaPalme is himself French-Canadian. And equally as appropriate, he is a world-respected artist-cartoonist, whose varied work ranges from designing and executing the art work found in the stations of the world-famous Montreal Metro System, to an early art professorship at the University of Quebec, and cartoons appearing in American Mercury, Nation, Le Canada, and La Presse.

During a February visit to Montreal, I found Mr. LaPalme well immersed in his work for this summer's show. It began this time around in January with the sending out of invitations to cartoonists, requesting their submissions. "Over the years,"

'Man and His World' (Terre Des Hommes) photo by Meunier.

he explained, "we have developed a faithful group of cartoonists, who contribute, year after year. And then there are always those recommended by friends, or who inquire on their own, if they might submit."

Last year saw over 600 submissions coming from 60 countries. There has been an increase of about 50 submissions each year, indicative of the growing fame and prestige of the Salon of Cartoons. The only requirement imposed by Mr. LaPalme is that the cartoonist be a professional, whose work appears in a daily, weekly or monthly publication, thus avoiding a subjective judgment of a submission based on quality, before the entry is reviewed by an award panel of five professionals in August. This also eliminates the tenuous matter of inflicting western tastes on the work of distant, though yearly, entrants from all over Africa and Asia.

The purpose of the exhibit, Mr. La Palme noted, is to offer the opportunity of displaying cartoon work from around the world at one time and in one place. Consequently he is reluctant to refuse a submission, based on seemingly poor quality, because as he explained, the cartoonist from the less developed country may be the best at home, or the *only* one because of fewer newspaper and magazine outlets. For that reason he and his work are equally as valuable to the successful completion of the exhibit. As submissions arrived in Montreal, one by one this winter, originals were mounted for hanging in the Pavilion of Humour. Also in the cartoonist's package was the entrant's vote for the cartoonist whom he felt most distinguished in the field and deserving of special recognition this summer. While the winner had not been calculated in February, the submission deadline was April 1. Whoever is chosen will be asked to preside over the five judges, who will be given the task of selecting award winners from the submissions.

In past years, cartoonists competed for prize money in editorial, gag, and strip categories. A bit of a departure this year, judges will be selecting winners in only the editorial area, although all cartoons will be on display. Next year, awards will be given in the humorous gag category, and strips in 1975.

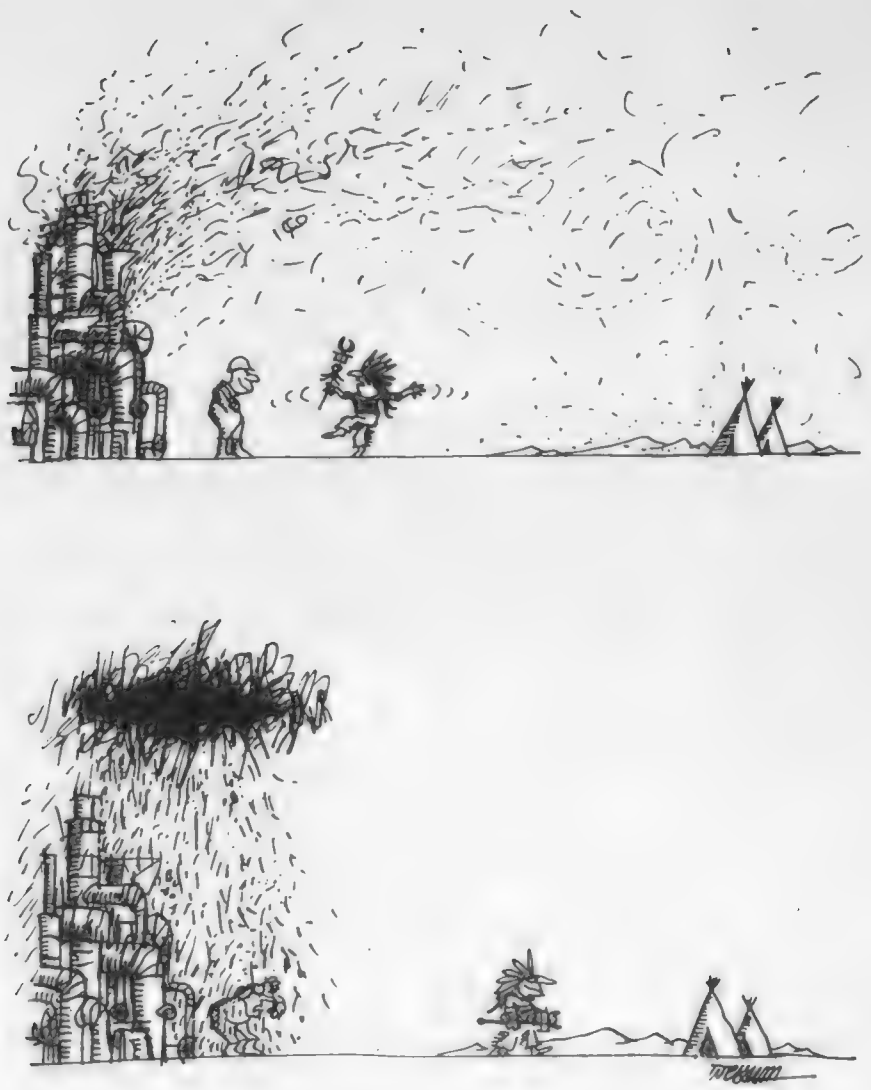
In the end, though, all cartoonists are to be honored. Their original submissions have been collected into finely bound, oversized paperback books, past issues of which have already become collectors' items among fans. In keeping with this year's arrangement, there will be three books: an editorial edition, strip-gag cartoon collection, and a special collection of the work of the honored cartoonist.

The purpose of the Salon, beyond the obvious chance to bring all the work together at one time, is, in the words of its founder, "to give caricaturists the respect they deserve."

In Mr. LaPalme's professional estimation, cartooning — or as he calls it caricatures — "are among the highest expression of art." Further, along with music, philosophy, and mathematics, it is "the utmost expression of civilization."

Calling it the art of the "grotesque", cartooning to him interprets life. While the photograph or painting gives back what it gets, as does the mirror, the cartoon goes many steps beyond that. "The caricaturist looks at an object and reveals another aspect of it. He goes as far away as he can, through exaggeration of form. He makes impressions through emphasis, but in the end he lets you know what it is."

In accordance with so critical and



1st Prize Winner in the Humour Category — 1972.
Jan Van Wessum — Medical Opinion — Netherlands

precarious a responsibility, Mr. LaPalme, whose work has taken him all over the world, finds that the caricaturist is held in the highest regard in eastern and western Europe, truly an artist. He illustrated his point by telling of a trip to Prague, where he, as the visiting artist, was accorded all of the advantages and honors of a foreign dignitary. He mentioned his own surprise at finding the relative comfort the government there allowed its cartoonists.

In much of Europe too, he finds high esteem for the cartoonist, native or foreign. In France, he cited frequent showings of cartoons at the Louvre, as well as the unswerving loyalty of the all-important public.

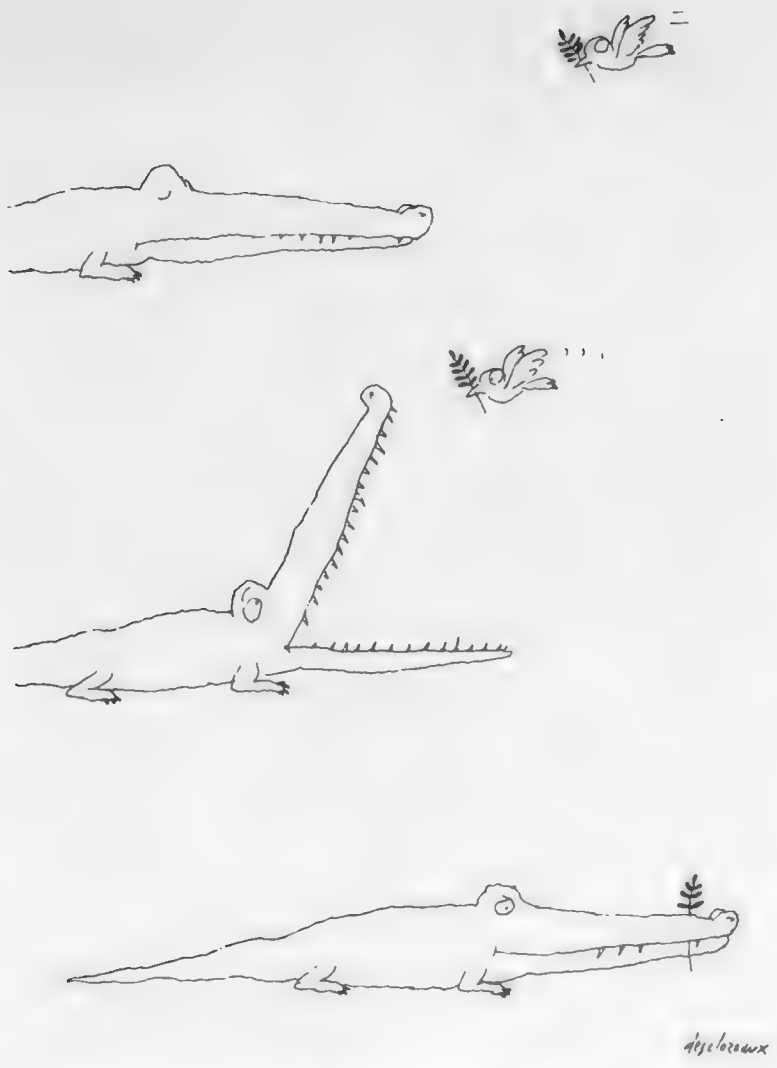
In contrast, and crucial to the beginnings of the Salon, Mr. LaPalme feels the cartoonist in North America has yet to be given the respect he deserves. Personally involved in the situation, he remarked with a note of scorn about the low station of the cartoonist in comparison to businessmen and other professionals, who, by LaPalme's appraisal, are "clowns". It is for this reason then, that there is the Salon of Cartoons.

It started — the idea anyway — with an invitation to LaPalme in 1948 to exhibit his works at Canada's St. Laurent College. "The boys had an idea of a show — they just wanted me," he recalls today. "But" I said, "invite all of the Canadian cartoonists." The germinal idea, prompted by the resulting success of the show, stayed with him, blooming in 1963.

Freeing himself of all other commitments, he set about to undertake the uplifting of the art of caricaturing. He immediately hit on the idea of the contest, but quickly adds. "I don't completely believe that the winners are necessarily the best of the 600 entrants. You don't have to win. That doesn't mean a thing — it's irrelevant."

For him, the showing is "only a nucleus around which to build something." It's the best means so far of getting the talent together to focus the attention on them and their work, and hopefully bring both the attention and respect that Mr. LaPalme feels is so lacking.

Asked if he thought the Salon had helped at all, he pensively leaned



1st Prize Winner in the Editorial Category — 1972.
Desclozeaux — Le Nouvel Observateur — France

back a moment, thought aloud in French a bit, and then said, "I hope so much that it is true. I believe it is. Surely it has added to their acclaim."

The next phase of LaPalme's self-appointed campaign would be the creation of many Salons of Cartoons throughout the world, to equal his own, which at this point in time is unique. Confident in his work, he predicts Salons and Museums in New York—a possibility which has been discussed in an earlier issue of this magazine—Paris, London, and elsewhere, wherever there are cartoonists and fans. He also sees people turning to the collection of the originals of the cartooning greats as they now collect the paintings of the masters.

For now though, it's the 10th International Salon of Cartoons at the Pavilion of Humour at the Montreal Expo, the best yet. Only a short ride by bus or car from the center of Montreal. Admission is free. All cartooning fans are invited. ●

1st Prize Winner in the Strip Category — 1972.
Morrie Brickman, Washington Star Syndicate — U.S.

the small society **by Brickman**

SAID and DUNN

BOB DUNN

Famed King Features cartoonist, BOB "They'll Do It Every Time" DUNN, continues here the column of reminiscences he began in Issue #17 of CARTOONIST PROfiles. In this installment he shares some memories of the McManus Brothers (Leo, Charlie, and George), a story about Tad, and a couple about Ham Fisher. Bob has furnished us with several collector's-item photos of the McManus Brothers as boys and as men, and has added a few sketches of his own to further embellish the column.

Just how colorful were the comic artists in the golden days of the funny papers? The stories about these great guys shouldn't be lost. So here are my favorite anecdotes about them that I've heard from people who knew them. Some of the tales I've been part of. I saw them happen.

Like the time Ad Carter, who drew "Just Kids" was so far ahead of schedule (he got paid for work delivered) that the six dailies he handed in to the syndicate that August day were for release the following December. Ad gave them to comics editor Leo McManus and started to head for the pay window in the accounting department. Leo was giving the strips a quick glance before Carter could disappear. "Whoa, Carter!" barked the gruff one of the McMani, "Come back here! Look what you've got in every panel!" Augustus Daniel (those were Ad's up-front names) came back grudgingly. McManus went into a tirade. "These strips will appear in the papers next winter and you draw a guy wearing a straw hat!" Carter did another about-face and kept going as he explained, "He's an eccentric character!"

Leo McManus was the oldest brother of George McManus, creator of Jiggs; and Charlie McManus, who at one time had successful strips of his own (namely Broaden Wall and Dorothy Darnit), was another brother. Charlie also did lettering and backgrounds for George. Leo had an acid tongue and was always putting the zinger to easy-going Charlie

I was in Leo's art department and working for Milt Gross on the side and writing gags for George Price, a vaudeville and radio comedian of the Eddie Cantor school. I got a chance to interview a celebrity on station 'WOR' — if I could produce a celebrity. The best I could do was Charlie McManus. Maybe the station mistook him for George McManus, but I got the okay to have Charlie on the air from the Newark station 3 p.m. Sunday afternoon. I took two days and nights to write a socko script with me the straightman and Charlie getting all the belly-laughs. Charlie arrived in Newark about eleven a.m. of the big day. I met him at the old Hudson Tubes station in Newark. I took him home to my mother's house where we could rehearse. Charlie came to the house but insisted he needed no rehearsal. He DID agree to look the script over, but thought it would sound less stilted if I asked the questions and he answered in his own way. I did make him listen to me read the boffo lines two or three times over ham and eggs and biscuits. My mother made a fuss over Charlie and he was very gallant, proclaiming the biscuits the best he'd ever eaten. He continued to praise the brunch as I read and re-read the questions and answers for our radio interview out loud. He nodded, smiled and dunked as I read 'em one more time.

Charlie and I soon set out for the studio, arriving more than an hour early. Again I gave my guest his script and asked him to go over it. He smiled at my apparent concern and reassured me that I'd be fine. I had numerous drinks of water, a few trips to the gent's room to wash my hands and was still nervous in spite of Charlie's calming presence.

Finally we were ushered into a medium-sized studio with a stand-up mike. I think Kelvin Keech was the announcer. I made sure Charlie had his script at ready. He smiled and held up his hand in a "Don't worry" sign. The studio clock was approaching the magic hour. Well, this was it . . one minute to go. The second hand made its final sweep and it was "The Such Interesting People program — today featuring Bob Dunn, a hale fellow, meeting up with a most congenial guest, Charles McManus, famous cartoonist, creator of Dorothy Darnit. Here they are."

I took a deep breath and started

"Hello, Charlie, how is the funny paper business?"

Maybe Charlie was giving his line a slow, deliberate reading or he was stricken with mike fright but he didn't answer so I gave him the straight line again: "Charlie, how **is** the funny paper business?"

He was gulping but no words came out. So I answered for him: "It's better than going to work, huh, Charlie?"

And so it went . . .

DUNN: You were born in St. Louis, right, Charlie?

P-A-U-S-E

Dunn repeats question . . .

P-A-U-S-E

DUNN: You wanted to be near the Budweiser brewery, huh, Charlie?

DUNN: I understand when you were in school you consistently stood at the foot of your class. Is that so?

P-A-U-S-E

DUNN: You wanted to be near the radiator, right, Charlie?

The monologue finally came to an end. We were thanked by the studio manager who said Charlie had a good radio personality.

Charlie's version of our air debut, which he'd tell many times to cronies at Dinty Moore's, was that I locked him out of the studio and used his best lines for myself. But we were still friends.

However, the day after the broadcast we were both in the comic art department when grump old Leo McManus came in. He looked at both of us and said, "I heard you two on radio yesterday."

Charlie and I stood still waiting for maybe a kind word on our performance.

"If anybody ever asks you to go on the radio again," Leo growled, "go on . . . but do a trapeze act!"

(BLACKOUT)

I got to know Tom Powers, the great editorial cartoonist. The phrase "famous cartoonist" has become a cliche. But Tom had it in his contract that his by line over his cartoon read "By Tom Powers, the famous cartoonist." He told me this story. He worked at night for the N.Y. American in the same cubbyhole that Tad Dorgan, who drew "Indoor Sports" for the Journal, worked during the day. Tad owed some money to some business establishment and a bill collector came to the office and asked for Mr. Dorgan. Tad, always ready for anything, said that Mr. Dorgan was not about, but could **he** help. The bill collector, using his calling's weapon of making public a non-payer's shame, said that Dorgan owed a bill for so long it had been turned over to the agency to collect.

Tad was all sympathy as he heard himself described as a deadbeat by the bloodstoner.

Charles, Leo, and George (Jiggs & Maggie) McManus as boys with their dog "Mook".

Charles, Leo and George in 1946, holding the dog's collar.

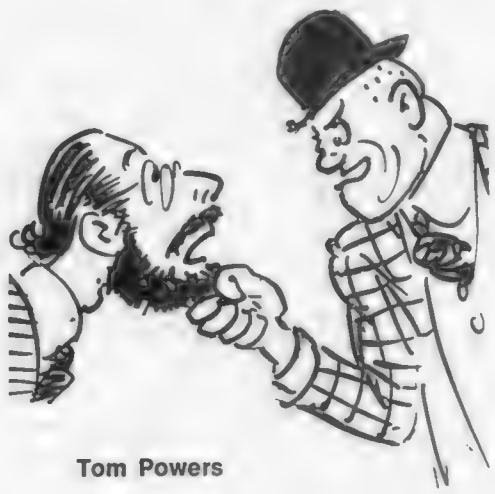
"That ☆@!?! Dorgan owes me and everybody else in town," he told the agent. "I'm through protecting him. He's ducking so many people he sneaks in here to work at night. And he wears a false beard to disguise himself, the ☆!!☆!" Tad gave the eager collector other pertinent data: the best time to catch the quarry, where he'd be sitting, and other descriptive details and again stressed that the wanted man would be wearing fake whiskers.

The Shylock thanked Tad, gave him a cigar for his help and left.

That night, a little after nine p.m., he was back and silently tip-toed up to the desk-drawing board where the bearded Tom Powers was blissfully working on the next day's cartoon.

The hunter was righteously jubilant at successfully completing his quest. He was a man of action, not to be denied.

"Awright, Dorgan, you cheap crook," he snarled, grabbing Powers by his twenty-year-old cultivated Van Dyke,



Tom Powers

"Take 'em off! We know ya!!"

That expression became the catchword of the day. It became the thing to say when somebody was putting on the dog or not being himself.

Tom Powers also was the star of another true story. His wife went to editor Arthur Brisbane and complained that her husband spent all his money and gave her nothing to run the house. Brisbane called the accounting department and ordered that henceforth the checks were to be made out to MRS. Tom Powers and mailed to her. About a week later, the composing room notified Brisbane that the Powers' editorial cartoon had not arrived yet and deadline was fast approaching. Brisbane called Powers and wanted to know "What about the drawing?" Old Tom told him: "You pay Mrs. Powers . . . get her to draw the cartoon!"

Another McManus anecdote:

The three Jiggs-related brothers had a talent for getting on one another's nerves. Leo had a peculiar way of walking. He pittered along, his arms hanging at his side. One day I was walking down 45th Street with George when Leo was coming back from an early lunch, walking toward us. As the brothers passed with no greeting from Leo, George exploded, "Godammit, swing your arms!"

Leo McManus

Ham Fisher, one of the most successful cartoonists ever, drew very poorly. But he had the drive of a Vince Lombardi. He let nothing stop him. What he lacked in ability he made up for in Moxie. When he tried to sell his strip Joe Palooka to Charlie McAdam of McNaught Syndicate, he was so persuasive, McAdam said he didn't want the Palooka feature but he'd give Ham a job as a salesman to peddle a new strip by J. P. McEvoy . . . Dixie Dugan. It's cartoon history that Ham sold the Dixie Dugan strip to sixteen clients on his first road trip but sold **forty-two** papers Joe Palooka, which forced the amazed McAdam to take it on.

But the Ham story I like was told to me by Charley Travis, a King Features salesman.

There was a crusty old editor in Vermont who put his paper to bed at 3:30 p.m. He'd see NOBODY . . . salesmen, the President, or the Pope until his day's work was done. After that he could be very gracious and hospitable but before that . . . WATCH OUT! Travis knew this, as did all the syndicate reps . . . all except Ham. Or if he DID know it he ignored it. TABOOS, SCHMABOOS . . . SO WHAT!

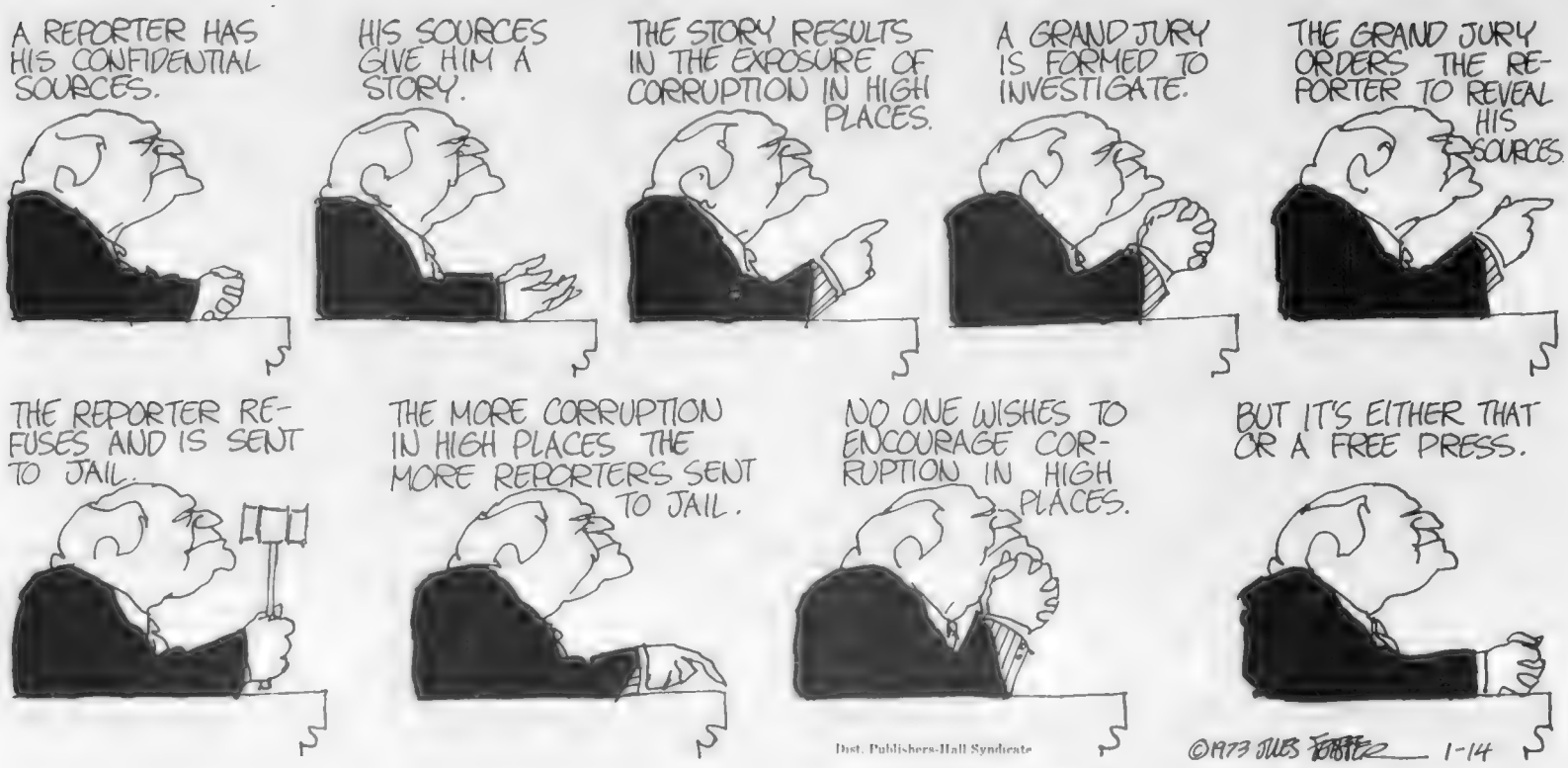
Travis was waiting patiently in the outer office for the right time to roll around to see the editor when in blows unbeatable Ham. Hammond didn't let on he saw Charley, the opposition. Full speed ahead, he went right past the receptionist, into the inner offices to get his sales pitch in first.

A few seconds later amidst roars, din and clatter, Ham re-appeared, clutching strips and briefcase, being propelled through the reception room by the fuming editor who had our hero by the collar and seat of the pants in the traditional bum's rush grip.

Aplomb was what Ham proved he had in this trying situation. As he went hurtling through the outer limits he deigned to recognize Travis. "Hi, Charlie . . . we must have lunch one day . . ."

Ham Fisher

This page appeared in 1925 in the King Features magazine "Circulation".


A REPORTER HAS HIS CONFIDENTIAL SOURCES.
HIS SOURCES GIVE HIM A STORY.
THE STORY RESULTS IN THE EXPOSURE OF CORRUPTION IN HIGH PLACES.
A GRAND JURY IS FORMED TO INVESTIGATE.
THE GRAND JURY ORDERS THE REPORTER TO REVEAL HIS SOURCES
THE REPORTER REFUSES AND IS SENT TO JAIL.
THE MORE CORRUPTION IN HIGH PLACES THE MORE REPORTERS SENT TO JAIL.
NO ONE WISHES TO ENCOURAGE CORRUPTION IN HIGH PLACES.
BUT IT'S EITHER THAT OR A FREE PRESS.
Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate
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JULES FEIFFER

JULES FEIFFER not only writes and draws his celebrated cartoon for the PUBLISHERS-HALL Syndicate, but also writes plays for Broadway and Off-Broadway production, screenplays for popular movies, and books. In this conversation, he gives our readers the benefit of his unusual and varied experience in a number of different media.

Photo by JIM RUTH

JULES FEIFFER

FEIFFER: If one had listened to the complaints of cartoonists in recent years, he would have thought that the cartoon form was dying. Magazines were folding, newspapers were reducing the size of syndicated strips, putting them amongst the ads, etc., and dropping cartoons they'd never have dared to years ago. But in spite of all this, there was an incredible kind of revival, and this always seems to happen! There was a sudden burst of so-called 'adult' comic books — the Marvel Comics Group with Stan Lee — the college kids picked these up, and then the underground comics appeared.

The cartoon is a form which has a basic appeal that can't ever be done away with. One of the reasons for the appeal is that it's extremely flexible, whether it's the way I use it or the way somebody else uses it. It's a terrific form of shorthand, allowing one to express one's self in whichever way one chooses, without all sorts of excuses or embellishments or disguises. It's a very direct, marvelous approach.

HURD: You do your syndicated cartoon, write for the theater and for the movies, and write books. Do you plan on staying involved in all *these fields?*

FEIFFER: Yes. I'm very fortunate in terms of my schedule on the cartoons — it never has been a full-time job and when it was the only thing I was doing, it took exactly the same amount of time it now does — which is approximately 1 or 1½ days a week. As you know, I do one a week, and when the Publishers-Hall Syndicate first picked up the cartoon, they asked me to do more, suggesting that I'd get a lot more papers if I did 6, or even 3, cartoons a week. I argued that it was impossible to do the cartoon with any quality that often but that with one a week, the level of the work would last and there wouldn't have to be any compromises.

I love doing the cartoon, and the only time I'm bored with it is when it's the *only* thing I'm doing. I find that when I'm writing plays and movies too, that the cartoons get better, and the plays and movies have a tendency to take on more life — one form feeds the other and they aren't really contradictory.

The cartoon is still what gets me out of bed in the morning, and I might never make it if I didn't have that deadline.

It's a funny thing — but it seems that the moment I get into a particular field, it automatically collapses. Cartooning began to disappear when I became one, so I went into the theater which no longer exists — off Broadway has died and now Broadway is dying — so I've just written a new play for Broadway! As soon as I get into movies, movie audiences disappear. So I seem to be pursuing careers only in areas that give promise of folding up entirely. But let me say that if you thought too seriously of any of this that I've been saying — in terms of where the audience is or what the best audience is — you'd end up doing absolutely nothing! You really have to think in terms of *the work itself* and of whether you enjoy it or not. If you don't enjoy it, figure out how to get more pleasure out of it. Decide what it is you want to say and what the best form is for saying it. If it's a cartoon — fine! If it's a play, fine! Etc. The basic thing is not to write for an audience but to write for your own pleasure, and your own stimulation, and even for your own edification, and hope that out there there's an audience that will appreciate this. If you aren't too far-away from where most people are, in addition to which you're talented and you know how to communicate, then there will be an audience.

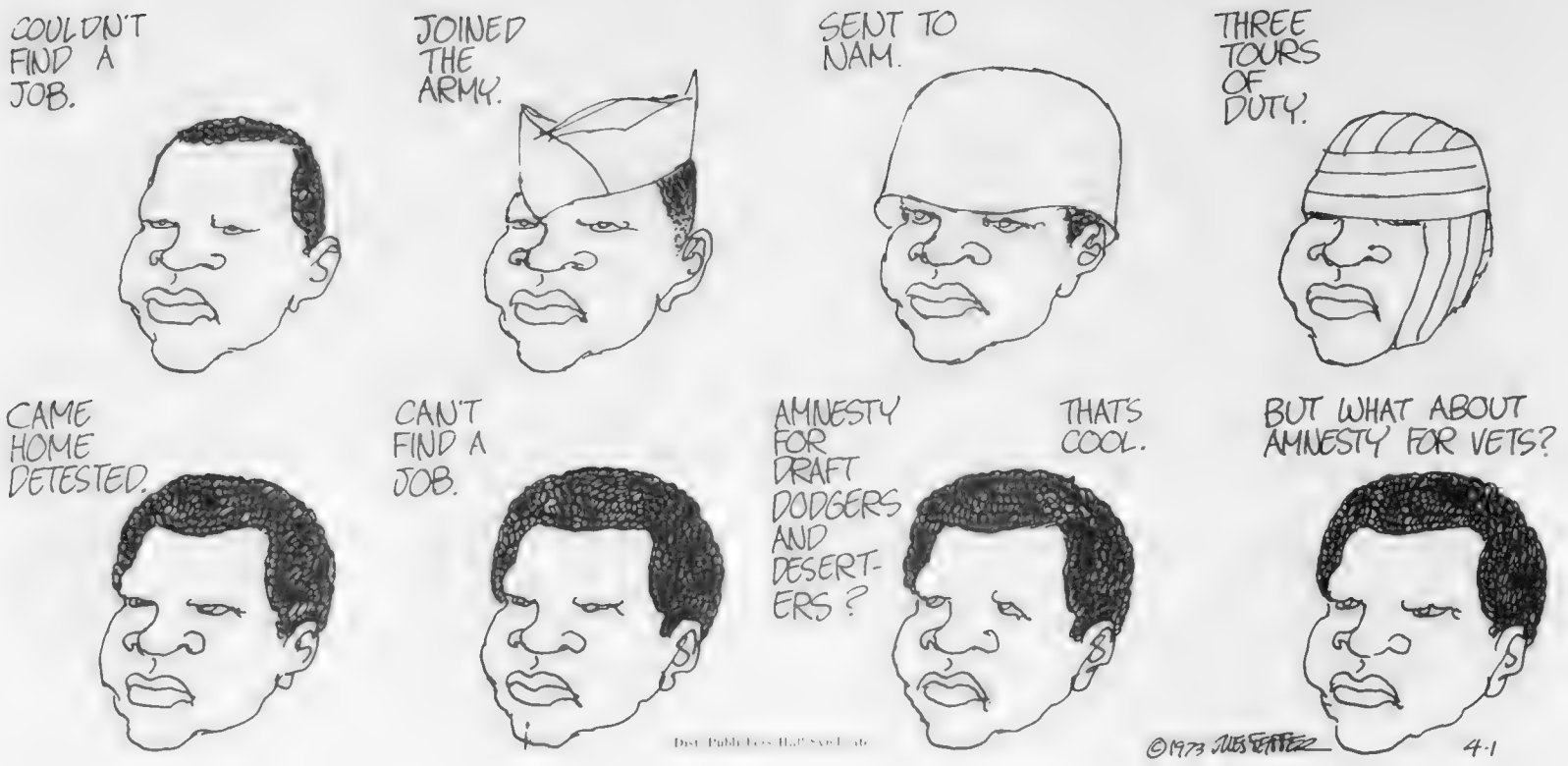
HURD: I'd like to ask you some details about your movie writing a little later, but would you say something about how you got into cartooning?

FEIFFER: Well, my first job (at 15) was working as an assistant and an errandboy to a very bad cartoonist — an enterpreneur who ran and edited 4 or 5 comic books for some publisher. I drew borders on pages, got flowers for his girl friend, lied to other cartoonists when they were coming around for their money — which he tried not to pay them so he could buy more flowers for his girl friend.

This was an education in human nature but not much in the cartoon business. Several years later I went to work as an assistant to Will Eisner — just when he began to do 'The Spirit' again after he'd got out of the army (1946). I worked with him on and off, and ended up, after several years, doing most of the scripts of 'The Spirit', until 1951 when I went into the army. I also did a back page called 'Clifford', which was the first chance I had to do my own sort of thing. It was about a little boy, and I was doing a kid from a kid's point of view rather than from an adult's point of view. This was before 'Peanuts' and I had never seen this approach in a comic before. Up until then the kid cartoons were similar to 'Dennis the Menace'.

I wanted to do a cartoon from inside the kid where the grownup was the enemy, to get some sense of what was going on in the kid's world with other kids. I did this for a couple of years until I was drafted, but not until I got into the army did I come to terms with the sort of work I really wanted to do. Up until then I thought I'd end up doing 6 dailies and a Sunday — a strip of humor and a satire. To get back to Eisner for a moment, he liked my writing but couldn't stand my drawing. I did some layout but very little drawing on 'The Spirit'. Being with him was a great education for me, and I had idolized him while I was growing up, along with Caniff, and Alex Raymond.

In the army, I began playing around with longer forms and different sorts of forms, and hit on the idea of writing a satire on the

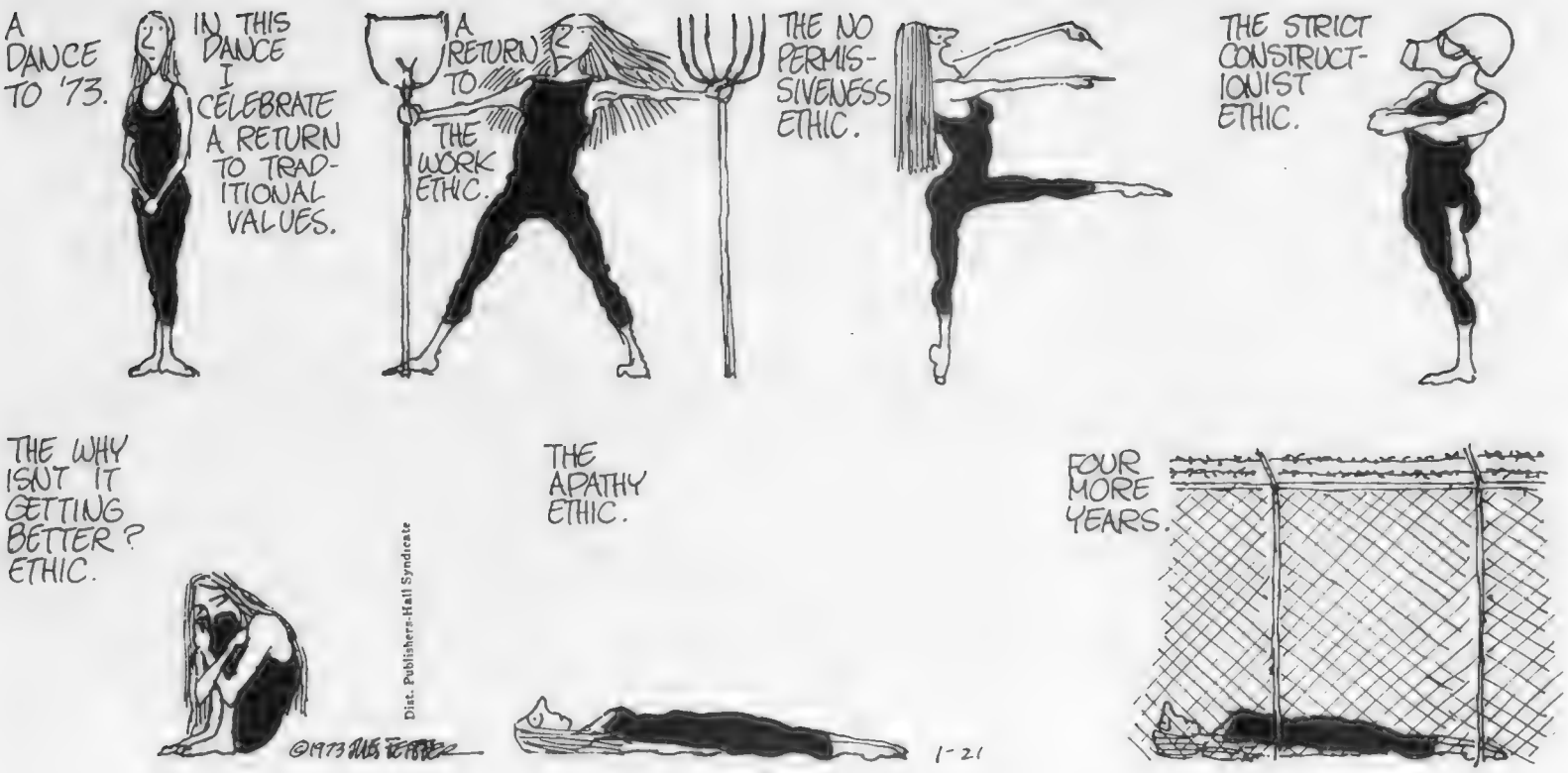


army in the form of a children's book. I thought in terms of a children's book because it seemed to me that so much of the army was childish, and was committed to rules that made no sense, and which could only be taken seriously if you wrote about them from the level of a 5-year-old. So I wrote about a 5-year-old who got drafted into the army by mistake, and then tried to tell the authorities that he was only 5. Since it wasn't their policy to draft men of 5, they told him that it was all in his head. The book, which I called 'Munro', was considered a savage, biting attack on the Army, since these were the days of McCarthyism, and I had difficulty in selling it to anybody. The publishers all said they didn't know how to market it because it was an adult story told as a children's fable, and they didn't know whether anybody would buy it. There was talk of making it into an animated cartoon but here politics scared them off and it wasn't touched. Nothing was done with it in animation till some years later.

After the army, in order to survive, I took a number of 2nd and 3d and 4th-rate jobs. I would work for 6 months, and then would arrange to get myself fired so I'd be able to get unemployment for the other 6 months of the year, and would then have the time to do my own work. This was considered being 'on the bum' because only work you're getting paid for is called 'serious' work. I finally went to 'The Village Voice' newspaper in New York, convinced them that they needed a weekly cartoonist, and began doing my strip for them. This was October 1956. On the basis of this, publishers started coming around, wanting me to do books, etc. But they wanted books *without* the comment I had been putting in my 'Village Voice' strip. They said, "if you can do a book which is like what you're doing but isn't as hard-hitting, O.K." But I thanked them and said I'd wait for another publisher.

Finally, another one, McGraw-Hill, *did* come around and said, "you name it and we'll do it!" So I decided, as a first book, to put a collection together of the 'Voice' cartoons I liked best. As a second book, a year later, I wanted to publish all those things I'd taken around for years, and in which no one had been interested. This was the book "Passionella" — 4 long cartoon stories which were too lengthy for newspapers. The first story was "Passionella" which had appeared in 'Pageant' magazine a couple of years earlier but which I rewrote and redrew. The second story was 'Munro' which I spoke about a few minutes ago. The third one was called "Boom" and was about the atom bomb. The fourth story was "George's Moon" — about a man living on the moon, about what happened when the earth started shooting rockets at him, and about how he took it very personally.

After that, a lot of people got interested in "Munro", it was finally made into an animated cartoon after all those years, and to my astonishment opened at The Radio City Music Hall, the most commercial theater in New York. The animation was done by Al Kouzel at Terrytoons and it won an Academy Award that year. It was weird that something which had been too hot politically a few years before, would open at the Music Hall. By that time,


A DANCE TO '73.
IN THIS DANCE I CELEBRATE A RETURN TO TRADITIONAL VALUES.
A RETURN TO THE WORK ETHIC.
THE NO PERMISSIVENESS ETHIC.
THE STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST ETHIC.
THE WHY ISNT IT GETTING BETTER? ETHIC.
THE APATHY ETHIC.
FOUR MORE YEARS.
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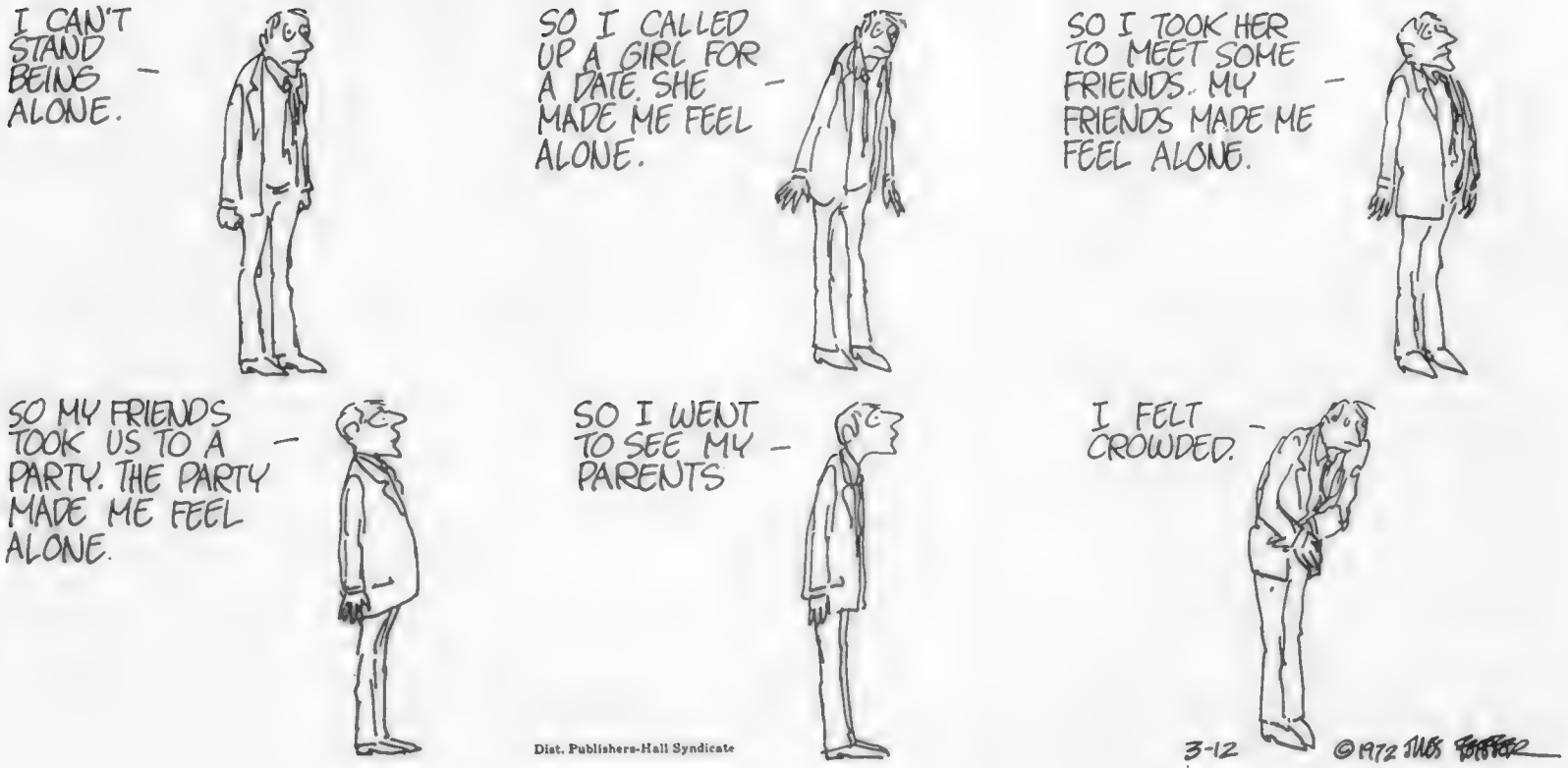
1-21

FEIFFER


I CAN'T STAND BEING ALONE.
SO I CALLED UP A GIRL FOR A DATE. SHE MADE ME FEEL ALONE.
SO I TOOK HER TO MEET SOME FRIENDS. MY FRIENDS MADE ME FEEL ALONE.
SO MY FRIENDS TOOK US TO A PARTY. THE PARTY MADE ME FEEL ALONE.
SO I WENT TO SEE MY PARENTS
I FELT CROWDED.
Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate
3-12
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of course, we'd come out of the McCarthy period, the Korean War was over, and "Munro" no longer had the political significance that it had earlier. Interestingly enough, it's been shown around during the past year, and has had the political content again because of Vietnam.

The first time that Bob Hall, of Publishers-Hall, offered syndication, I turned it down because I didn't think I could do the strip for syndication to family papers. I knew that politically, socially, and sexually, I was making statements that normally wouldn't be allowed. Then another two years went by, I agreed to try it to see what would happen, and fortunately it worked. I guess the first real breakthrough — as far as expressing ideas that had been taboo in the old days — in newspaper syndication was made by Walt Kelly's 'Pogo'. Also 'Barnaby' somewhat earlier, but I don't know how widely *that* was syndicated. Both these men dealt with whatever fields they chose to deal, on a much more adult, complicated, and intelligent level than any preceding cartoons had ever tried. The only area that is circumscribed in the weekly cartoon is 'sex'. Obviously in newspapers I can't do what I do in writing films like 'Carnal Knowledge', or in the sketch I wrote for 'Oh Calcutta', or what I've done over the years for 'Playboy'. But in every other area for the strip, I work openly and as freely as my own imagination and sense of disgruntlement will dictate.

My cartoon requires more homework than any of the other forms I

Jules Feiffer wrote the screenplay for the very popular 'Carnal Knowledge' which was a Mike Nichols Film presented by Joseph E. Levine. It was an Avco Embassy Release.

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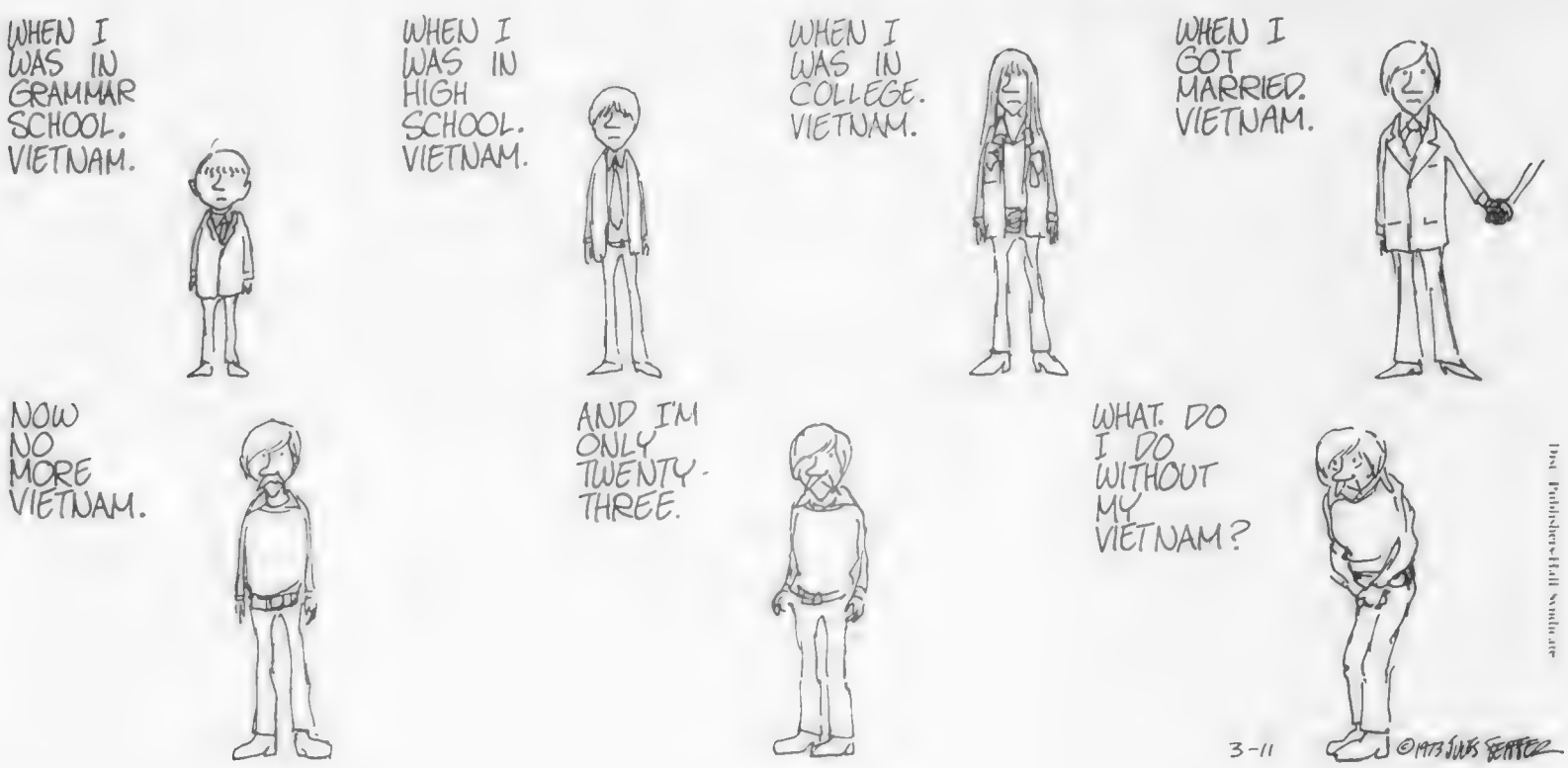
Made in U.S.A.
Joseph E. Levine Presents
A Mike Nichols Film
CARNAL KNOWLEDGE
An Avco Embassy Release
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR


WHEN I WAS IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL. VIETNAM.
WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL. VIETNAM.
WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE. VIETNAM.
WHEN I GOT MARRIED. VIETNAM.
NOW NO MORE VIETNAM.
AND I'M ONLY TWENTY-THREE.
WHAT. DO I DO WITHOUT MY VIETNAM?
3-11
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work in, because if I'm going to comment politically, I'm forced to read the newspapers and magazines. Actually I don't like to, because most of them are uninformative. But I feel that I should know a certain amount of surface information if I'm going to comment on the election, or on the war, for instance. That's a minimum. There are certain publications I read rather regularly, and they will usually give a different view of events than you'll get from the N.Y. Times. The N.Y. Review of Books is an example of this type of publication.

The only place you could find out what was really happening in Vietnam over the last six years was in various left-wing papers and journals — certainly not in our newspapers! These left-wing papers would publish correspondents who knew a hell-of-a-lot more of what was going on than a number of key government officials — and the correspondents turned out to be right about the war and the officials turned out to be wrong. I.F. Stone's Weekly, and The New Republic are other publications I've followed.

HURD: Your method of working — in no matter what field — is different from most. Would you say something about that?

FEIFFER: I *have* to work on my own interests. I have to work totally on what amounts to speculation. There's always an assumption on my part that if I'm going to do anything, and do it right, it will be good, and people will be interested in buying it — and eventually I'll make money on it. But this isn't always true, and I've spent lots of time on things that never made a penny. I think this way of working is great because money is coming in from other sources, and you can write like an amateur — for your-

I WANT
I WANT
I WANT TO THANK
I WANT TO THANK
I WANT TO THANK THE PRESIDENT AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF
I WANT TO THANK THE PRESIDENT AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF
I WANT TO THANK THE PRESIDENT AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF AND HIS POLICY OF PEACE
I WANT TO THANK THE PRESIDENT AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF AND HIS POLICY OF PEACE
WITH HONOR.
WITH HONOR.
THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN. THAT CONCLUDES THIS MORNING'S P.O.W. DEBRIEFING.
3-18
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Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate

self, for your own interest, and you can explore areas that you think need exploring. If a piece of work is done to your own satisfaction, you can go to a prospective buyer and say, "this is what I've written — are you interested in producing it?" If it takes off, then it's terrific! If not, you go elsewhere with your work.

I've always worked this way — long before I knew famous people. After you're known you can get producers to read your play right away — which is harder to do when you're beginning — but this won't get them to buy your stuff any quicker! If they don't like it, they're not going to buy it! They won't be conned because of your name. To begin with, you have to work in a way that your own spirits are able to survive. For years I would take one 'schlock' job after another in the art field, doing slide films, working for half-assed animation studios, etc.

HURD: I know our readers are interested in the fact that you write for the movies. Would you talk about the various steps that were involved in your writing the screenplay for the very successful movie "Carnal Knowledge"?

FEIFFER: Well, I wrote "Carnal Knowledge" originally as a play. I wrote a first draft, showed it to friends, and then, on the basis of the criticisms they made, did a second draft which I sent to Mike Nichols. He was in the middle of finishing off the "Catch 22" movie at the time, but called me a couple of weeks later and said, "I love it, and I want to do it, but as a movie and not as a play. You've written it more like a movie than a play — it's full of short scenes." Mike said that it would take very little work to make it into a movie. The final script was much simplified from what it was originally as a play, but it was totally similar in mood. You cut a lot of language in doing a screenplay — there's a lot of language that makes sense in the theater but nowhere else. Stage language, that is. On a movie screen it would seem crazy to have people talking that way. You try to figure out other ways of saying these things in a movie, or try to figure out an action which will eliminate the need for any talk at all.

I'd been thinking and making notes on a play about sex as I understood it to be with my generation — as opposed to everything I'd seen on the stage or in movies or read elsewhere. And I figured somebody had to do it as it really happened sooner or later, so it might as well be me. I'd been making notes for a long time. My first step is always to get an idea about a subject that I want to work on. Then I try to figure out what my point is — what I want to say. Once I get that, I try to figure the best way to tell the story, turning what is essentially an essay point into an episodic interesting tale. You need characters an audience is going to care about, so I start trying to figure who the characters are, what they should be, and how they should relate to each other. That takes time and it involves a number of false starts. I started on "Carnal Knowledge" two or three times, in two or three different ways, before I hit on the form I wanted to use — the two guys I wanted to use to tell the story. I began it originally from a woman's point of view and then I threw this approach out. And, to begin with, I started with the two guys at a later period in their lives and threw that out.

I finally decided that the story should begin with their college days — and decided on the form — one act when they're in college, another when they've just begun their careers, and another when they're in middle age. After I had figured out all this, I was able to finish the first draft in 6 weeks. The second draft, which I did a couple of months later, took me just 2½ weeks. I've had an unusual amount of freedom in screenplay writing.

Photo by Jim Ruth

Publishers-Hall Syndicate, 1971

Promotional drawing directed to college newspapers.

Of course you have conferences with the director, but if you're working for someone for whom you have enormous respect, and he has the same for you, then it's unlikely that there'll be any sharp differences.

I've discovered that with the more talented people in any business, there isn't much wounded vanity, or pushing one's self to the front at the expense of the work. This is usually found more among people of doubtful talent. The ones with talent aren't afraid to listen to other people, and they aren't afraid of admitting they were wrong.

HURD: Would you say a little more about how you learned to write.

FEIFFER: I guess I've just written the way I heard people say things, and then edited from there. There's a sound that people have that I was able to get, just writing off the cuff. If I revised a lot, it would no longer sound alive — it would sound like writing, rather than like the voices of real people. It's what's in side you that counts, but one can be trained to find out what's inside him. My training came from watching or reading the works of others I admired, and emulating them until I found my own voice. I learned a lot from watching things like the Philco Playhouse in the early days of TV.

I'm a day worker, very sporadic. The cartoon is the only clearly defined section of time I've got. Every week that *has* to be turned out. I've got to allow a portion of time for me to get several ideas, throw them out, and not be so scared that I'll use something I think is second-rate, just in order to meet a deadline. Other than that, my time is completely flexible. If I'm working well, I can put in 6, 8, or 10 hours in writing — or I may not do anything for weeks on end till I feel guilt-ridden enough to begin work again.

HURD: I believe you wanted to say a couple of other things about the comic strip form.

FEIFFER: It looks as though cartooning will be hard to kill off. Of course I don't know whether you can any longer do a strip, sell it to 500 papers, and make $50,000 a year, but if you lower your sights, it seems there are markets popping up out of nowhere. Incidentally, my strip alone couldn't keep me in the style to which I've become accustomed.

The most important thing in doing the strip form is telling a story. The best one, and the most effective one, is the one that is told most simply and most directly. And the only way you learn this is to be totally in command of the tools of your trade. That means, for instance, that if your drawing is simple, or doodle-like, it's not because you don't know how to draw, but rather because after considerable experience, you've arrived at a shorthand style stating exactly what you want to state — without any extras at all. This takes a hell-of-a-lot of time — it can take forever — I'm still trying to figure out my style. From the start you should work on the two crafts necessary for your survival — drawing and writing. Put them together in a way that you can tell a story effectively. ●

Some years ago, when your editor operated an industrial cartoon studio in Cleveland, Ohio, one of his principal accounts required constant drawing of all kinds of autos shown from every conceivable angle. We recall how many times we had to leave the drawing board, hop into the car, go down to the local gas station, to sketch an automobile up on the lift, a tank truck replenishing the station's gas supply, etc. All of this excess effort would have been saved, had we had available the great Illustrators Car Kit which the Chrysler Corporation has been furnishing cartoonists for many years. This includes a number of photos of all models of cars in many different and unusual positions, antique cars and traffic scenes, and is a very valuable addition to a cartoonist's morgue. An updated kit is furnished each year. And most interesting of all, Frank Wylie, who produces this kit, has invited any of our readers who would like one to write for it as follows: Frank W. Wylie, Chrysler Motors Corp., U.S. Auto Sales & Service Public Relations, P.O. Box 857, Detroit, Michigan 48231. Just mention that you read about it in CARTOONIST PROfiles Magazine.

1973 Dodge, Chrysler-Plymouth
Illustrator's Kit

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